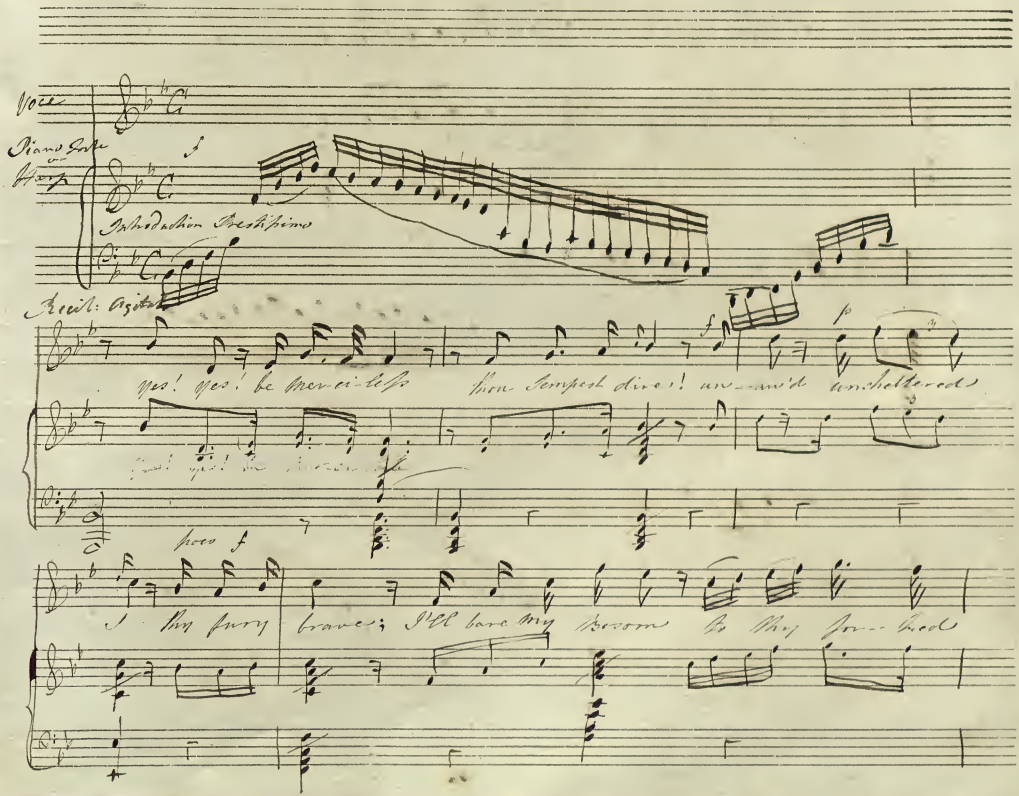
716

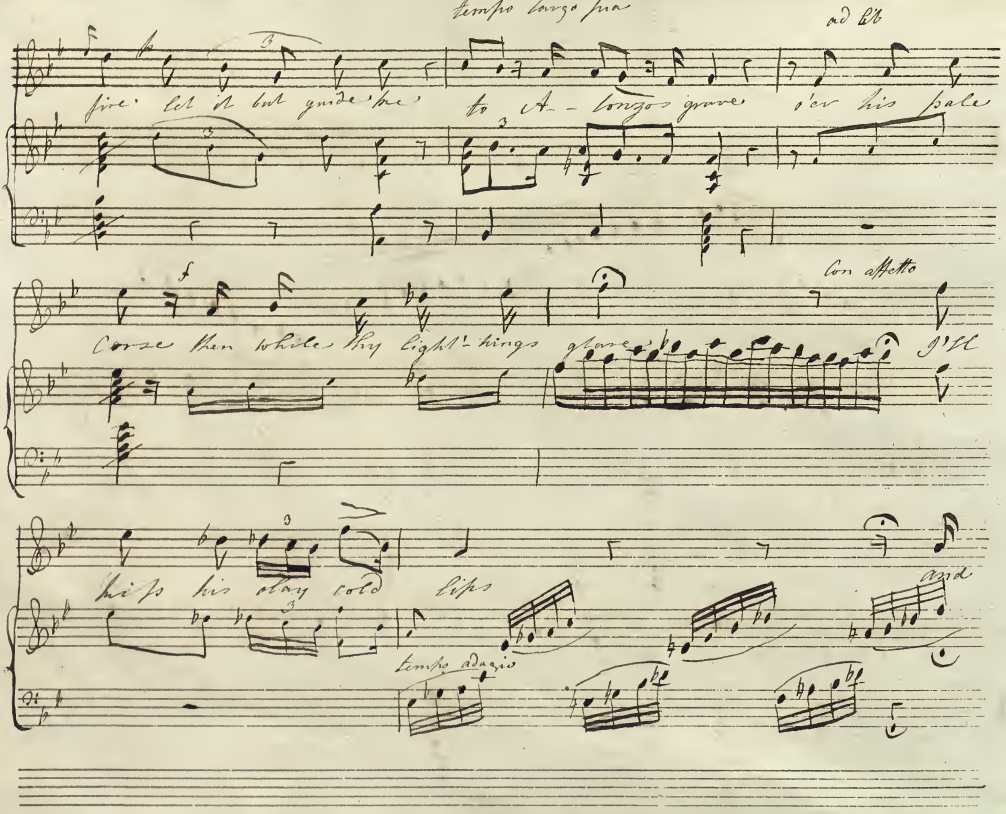
Anna Maria Bennett

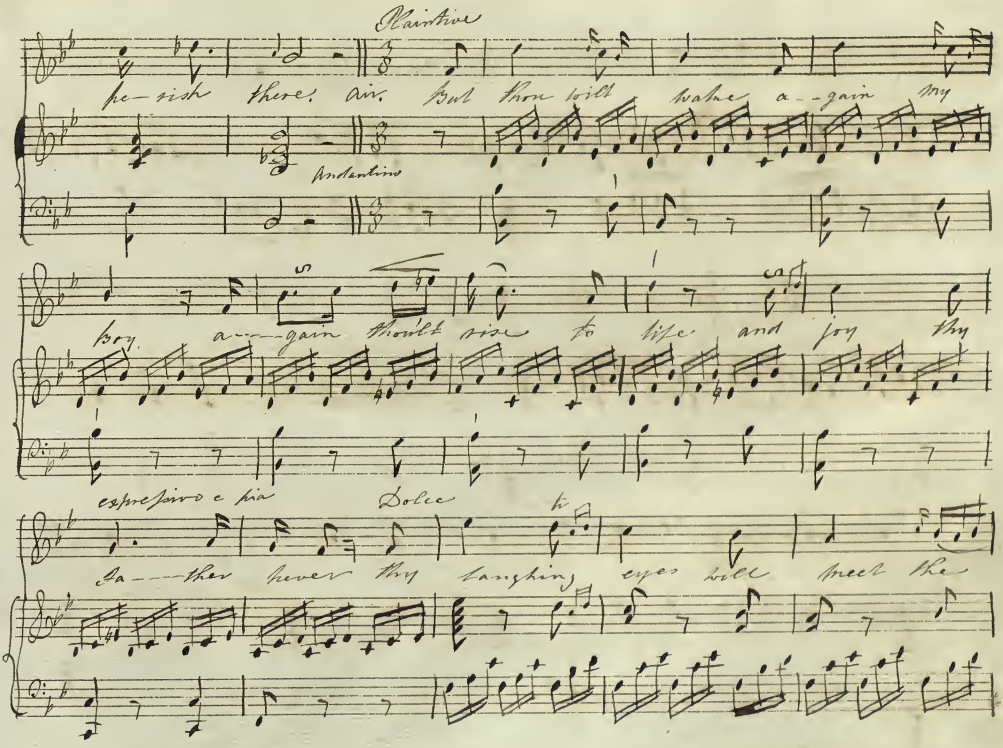
Song in Tigranes
Prince Edwards fancy
Hanverian Wally
Alley Croaker
Irish Lilt
Go to the Devil and shake yourself
Mr Witwells fancy
German Rondo
Rondo Dance Ecossoise
Moll in the Wad
Countess of Yarmouths fancy
Village Maid
Farewell my beating Heart
Chanson Ecossoise
The Irish Watherwoman
Lord Ronald
Venetian Ballad
Al Bondacarrin
Come buy my Cherries
Sight about the fire
Yes Henry yes
Mr Pierrel
Sir David Huntly Blair
Hyperian Rie
Waltzer
O Lord we trust alone in thee
Air in Harlequin Amulet
Far far at sea
An Hindostan girls Song
Over the Mountains & over the Moor
The 40 Depths
Alonzo and Imogine
A poor Soul sat sighing
Farewell Lady

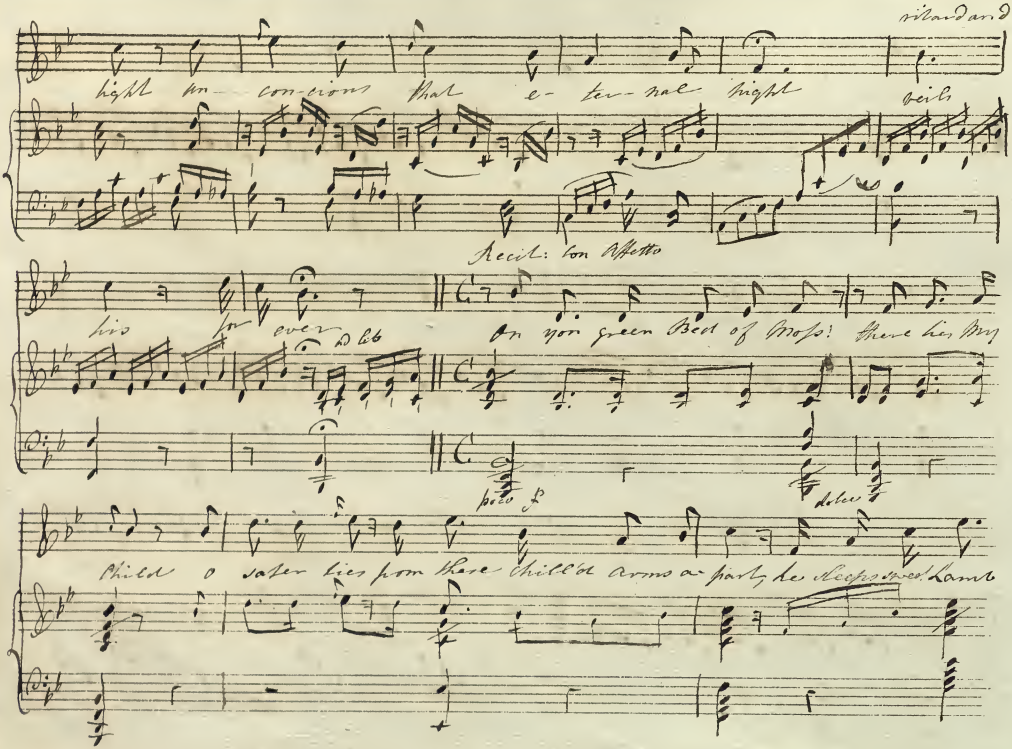
Never from thee will I part
Jasper Gray
My treasured Hope
Song In feudal times
Wally
Wally
Wally
Allemande
Allemande
Wally
Allemande
Lady Elizabeth Percys fancy
Mrs Carruthers's fancy
Lord Nelsons Wally
My Grand Father Wally
Lady Shaftesbury's delight
Dance in Speed the Plough
The death of Auld Robin Gray
The Maid of the Rock
Laura & Seraya
New rigg'd Ship
Oh she goes
La Dalgarouthy
Wolds of Super
The favorite Pas general in Laurette
My Hunters Wife
When first I strayed my leading strings
Air Anglois
Chanson Francois
Pas de Anglois
Money in both Pockets
Quick March a la Militaire
Duke of Sweden's March
Mr Spencers March
Air
Edwin & Ella

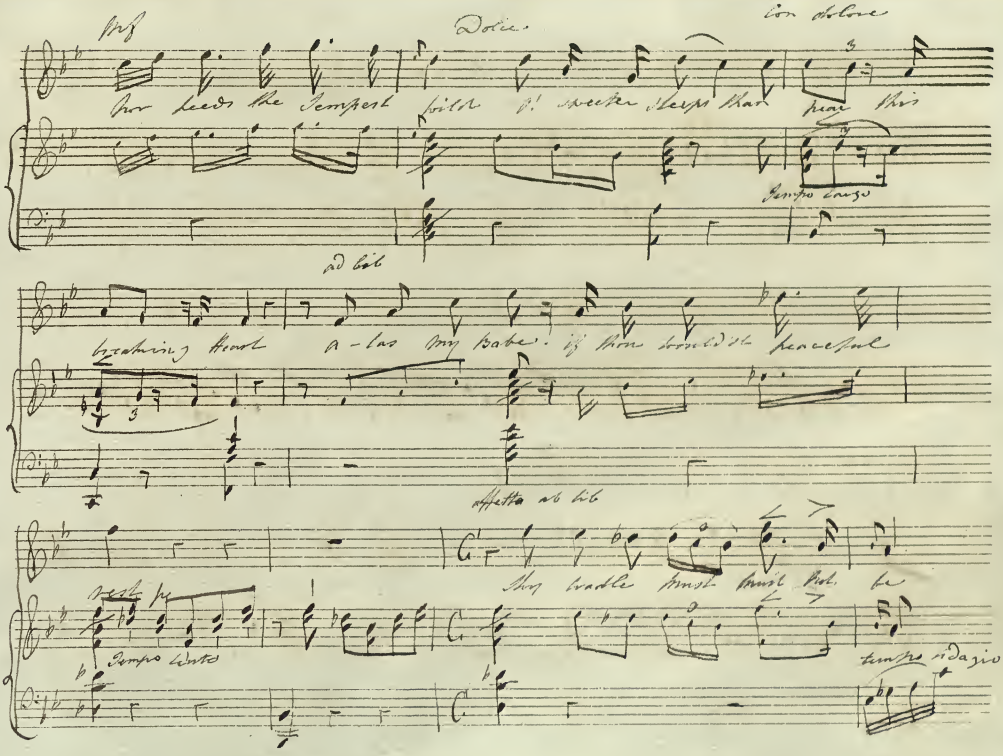
Rondo by Miss Hunter
Duke of Clarences fancy
Commodore
Lord Macdonals Reel
Jude Neighbour I've good News
Cumberland Reel
Dance in the Pirates
Lady Marin Parker
I can ye sae Cushions
I gat Nee give me back my heart
Je suis Lindor
Joseph Lassie
Shirley's Allemande
Rosial Wanderers
Le tout ensemble
The Newcastle quick March or Mrs Mary Douglas
Murphy Delany

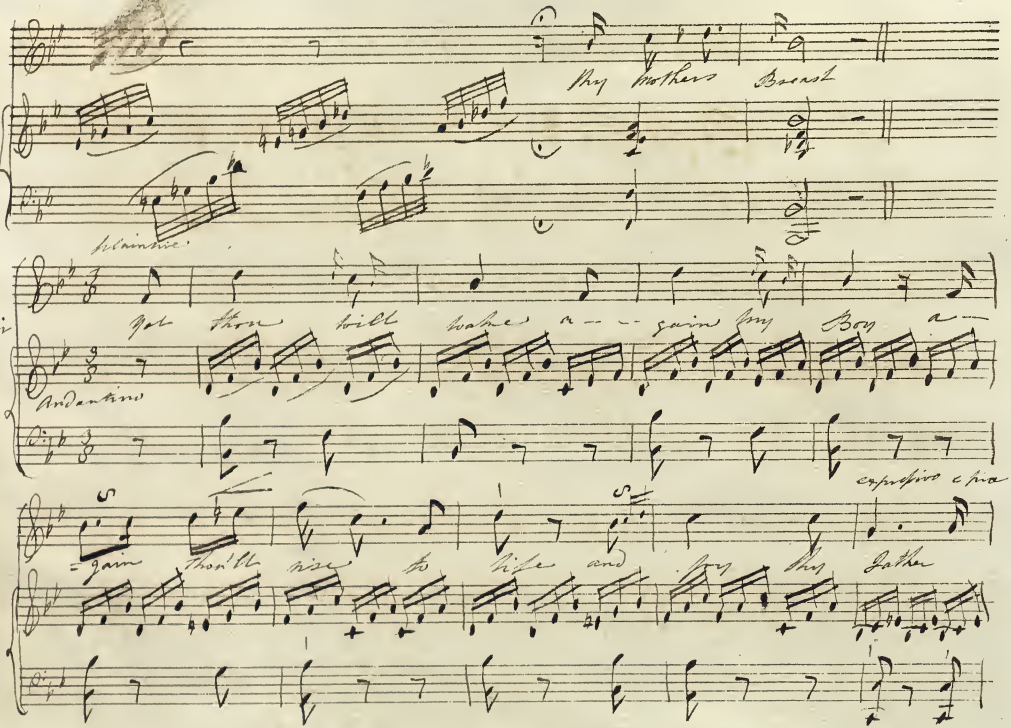

Voice
Piano Forte
Violin
Violoncello
Orchestra
Recit: Agitato
yes! yes! be mer-ci-less thou tempest dire! un-a-vail un-sheltered
hoarse
I thy fury braves; I'll bare my bosom to thy fore-head

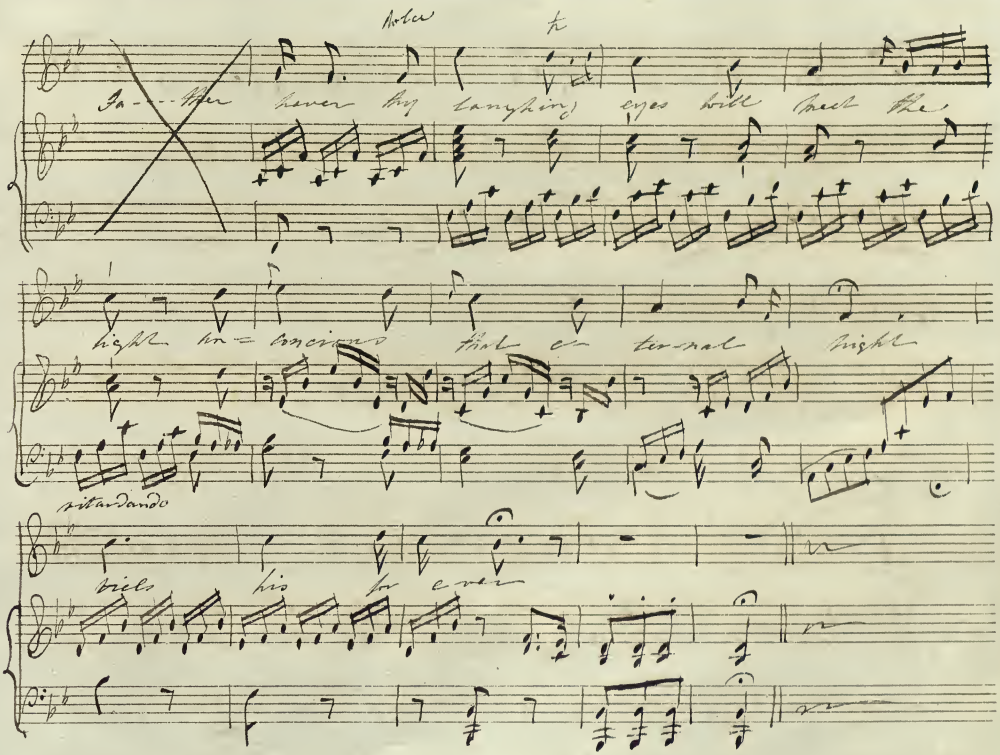

tempo largo fin
ad lib
fire let it but guide me
to A - longos grove
o'er his pale
Con affetto
Corse then while thy light-hings
grave
I'll
his lips his clay cold
lips
and
tempo adagio


Recitative
Andantino
espressivo e pia
Dolce


vibrando
light un- con-scious that e- ter- nal night veils
Recit: con Affetto
his for ever Db Ab
On yon green Bed of Moss! there lies my
poco f
dolce
Child o sister lies from these chill'd arms a- part, the sleeping sweet Lamb

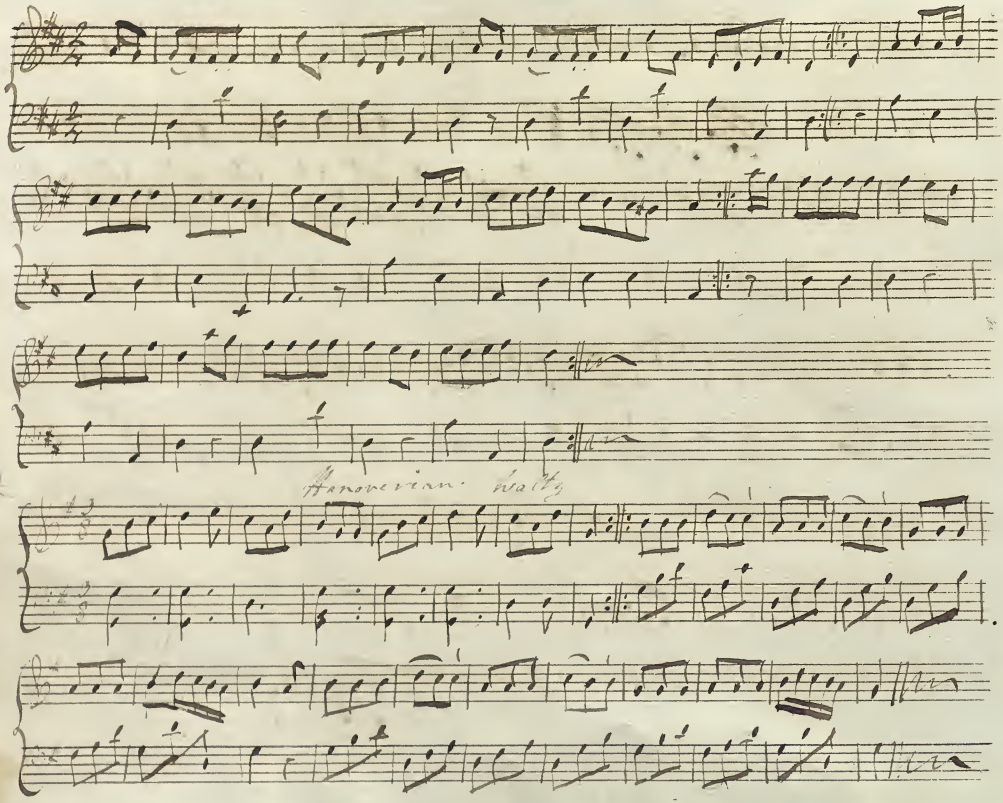

mf
Dolce.
con dolore
Nor heeds the Tempest
fold
O! sweeter sleeps than
poor
this
Tempo comodo
ad lib
breathing heart
a-las my babe
if thou should'st
peaceful
affetto ad lib
Thy cradle must
rock
be
Tempo Comodo
tempo rit dazio


thy Mothers Breast
Recitative
Air
Andantino
Yet thou feeble wake a — gain my Boy a —
expressive
a — gain thou'lt rise to life and joy thy Father

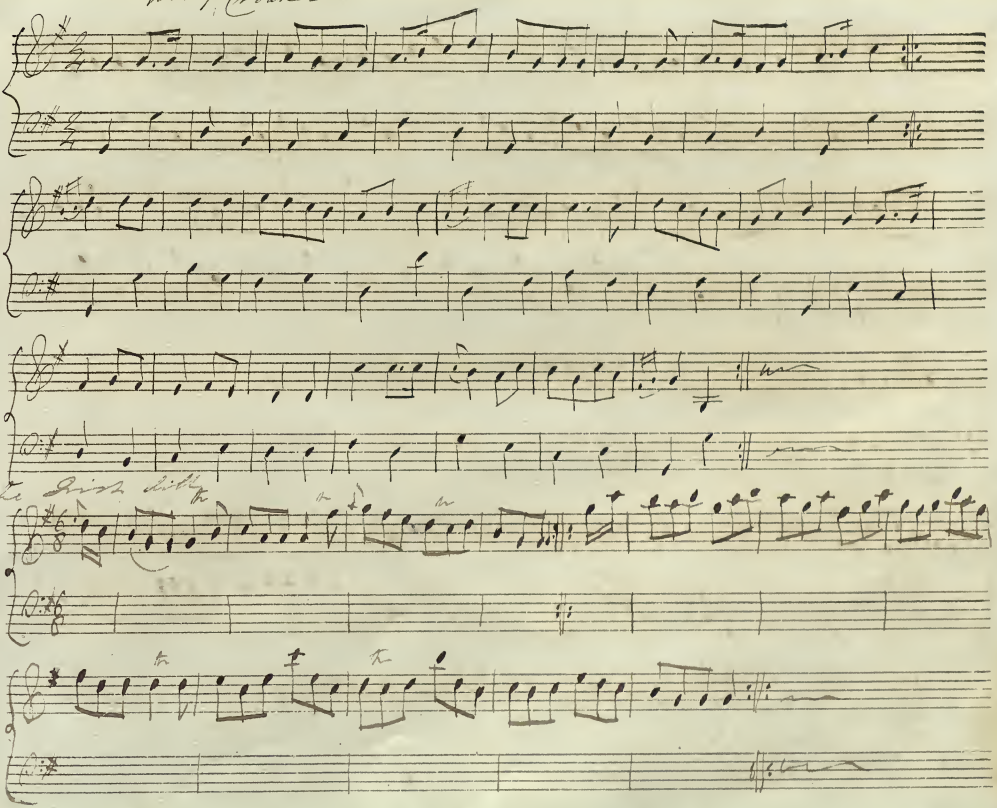

Ja - - - Her
heaven
thy
laughing
eyes
will
greet
the
bright
in - coming
first
ea
ter - nal
bright
ritardando
viels
his
to
ever

Prince Duward Lancy

Hanoverian Waltz



Abbey Croaker

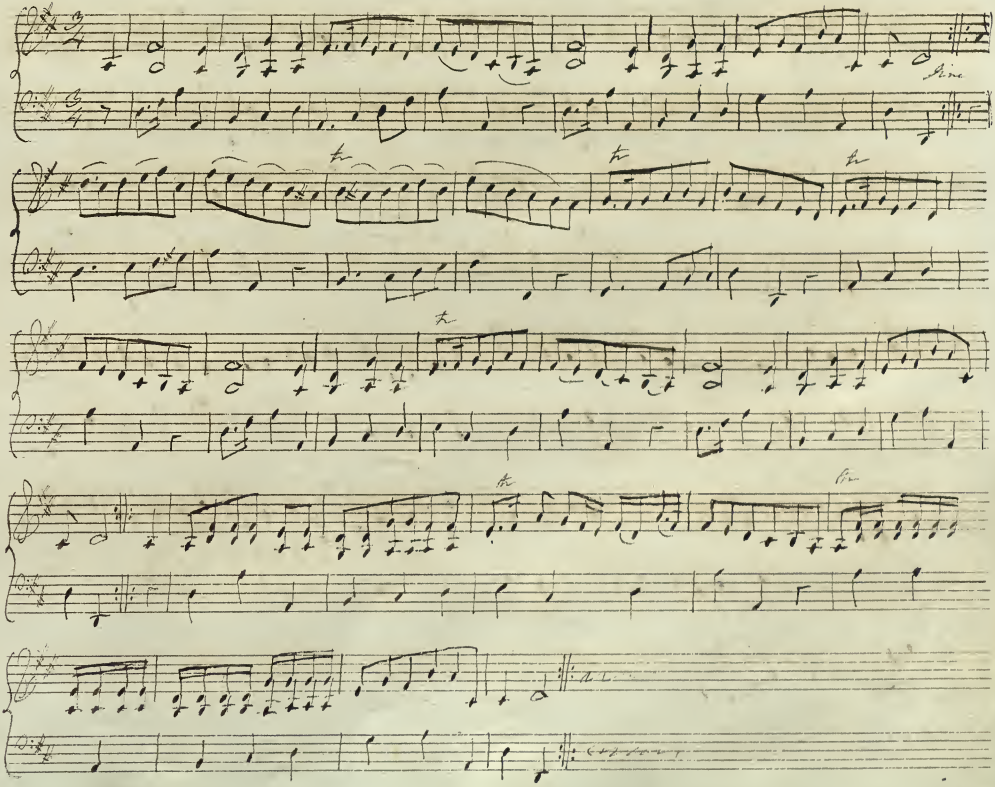


Go to the Devil and shake yourself

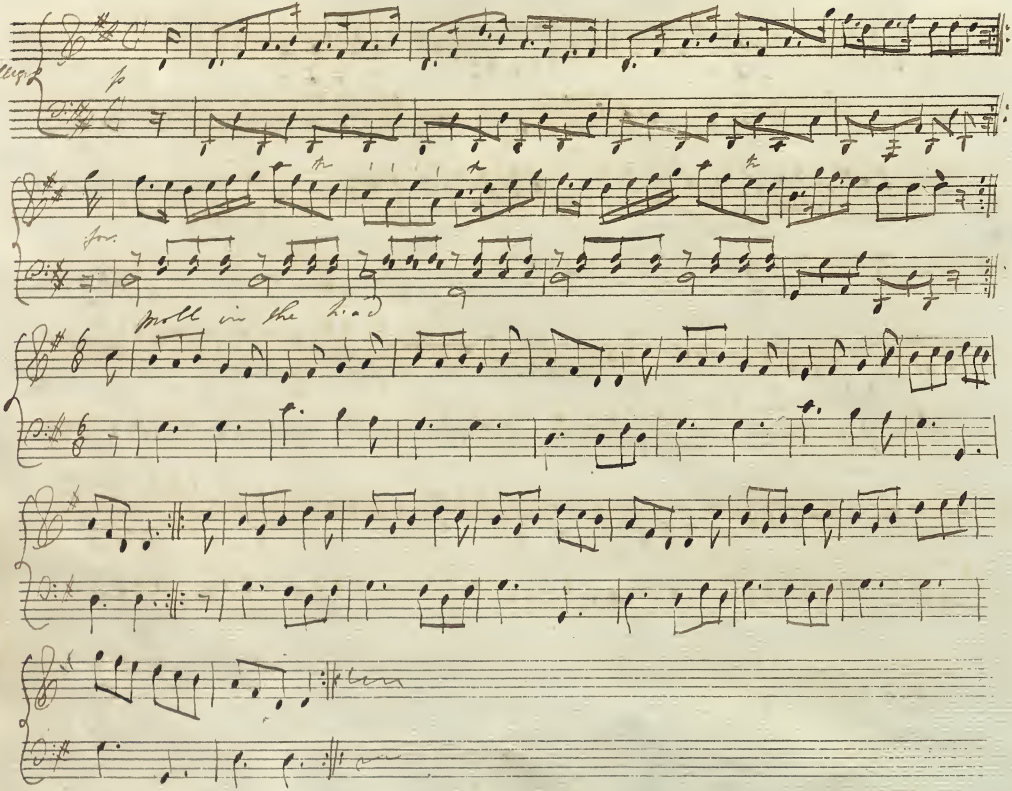
Mr Tibbutts fancy

forte

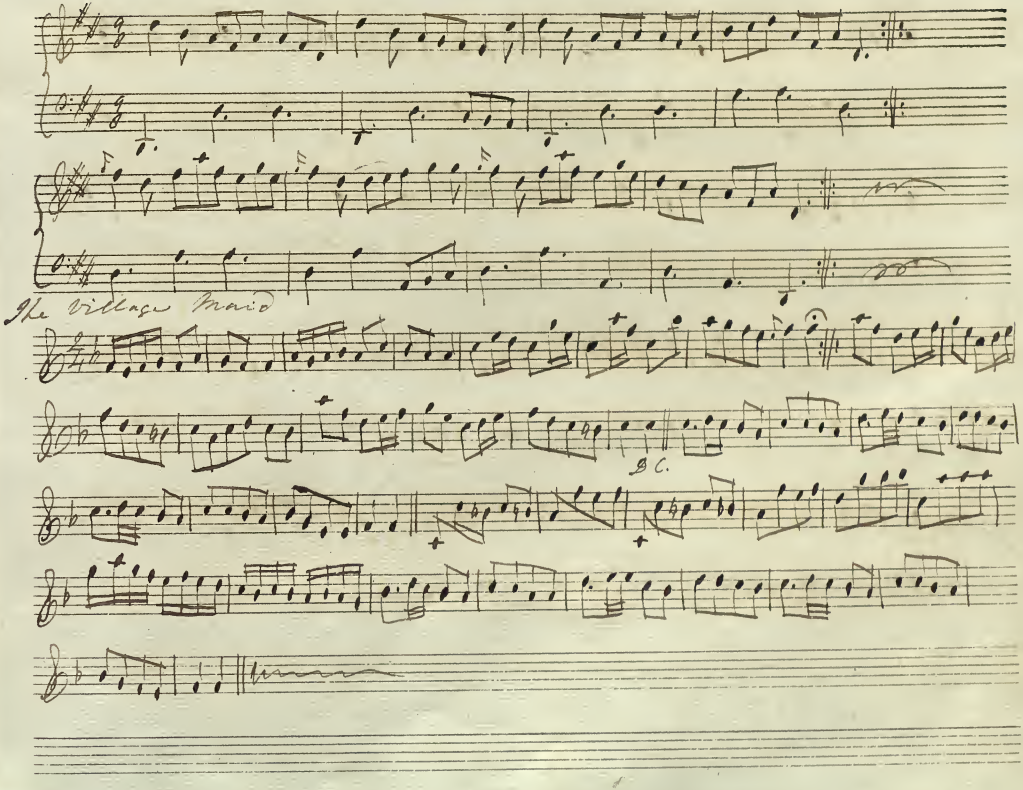
The celebrated german minuet By the late Mr Riskett

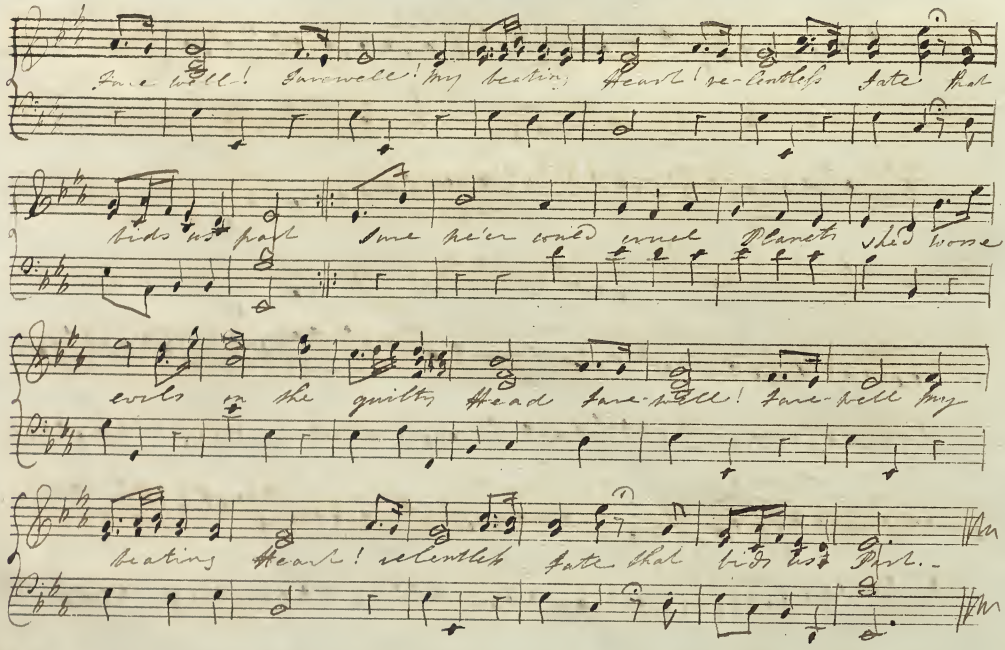


Rondo Danse Lapsorize



Countess of Yarmouth's Lavay



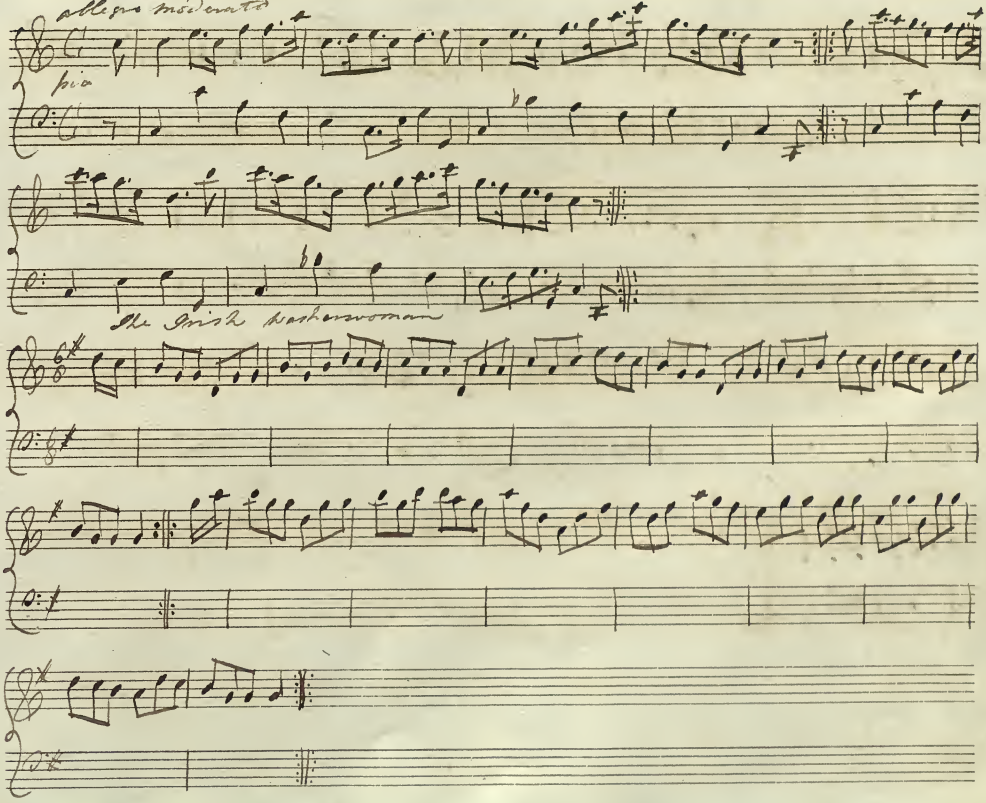

Fare well! Farewell! my beating Heart! re-lentless fate that
bids us part Some heav'n ward planet shed some
ever on the guilty Head Fare-well! Fare-well my
beating Heart! relentless fate that bids us Part.

Chanson [illegible]

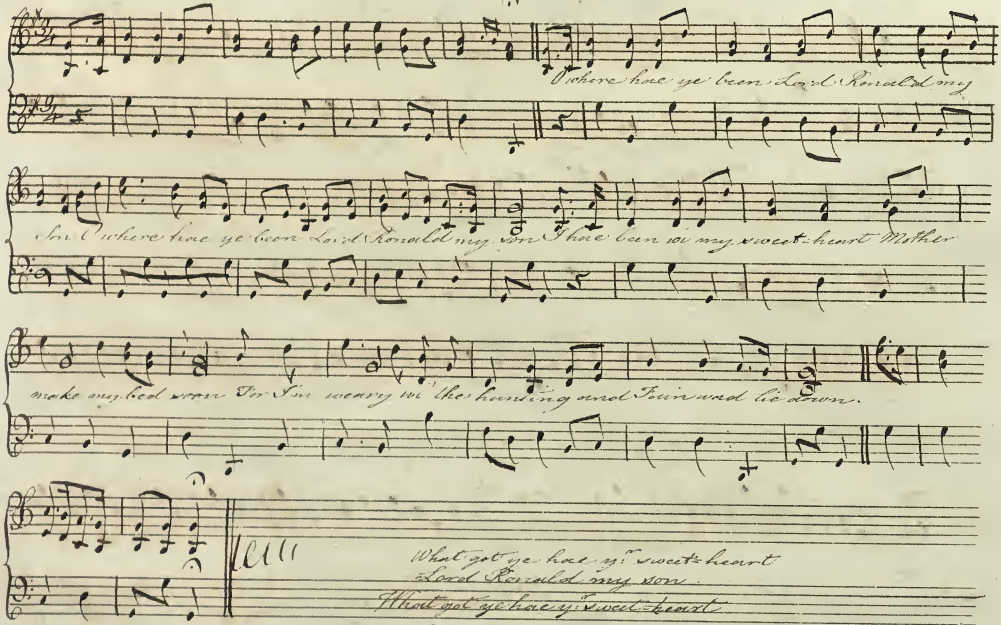
allegro moderato

pia

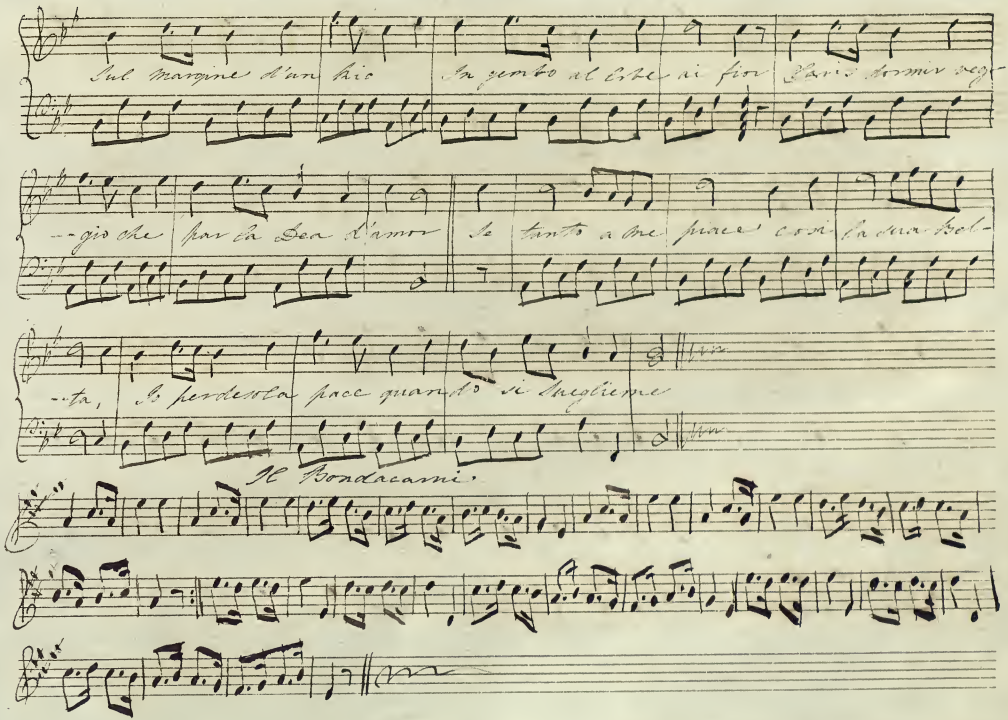
the Irish washerwoman



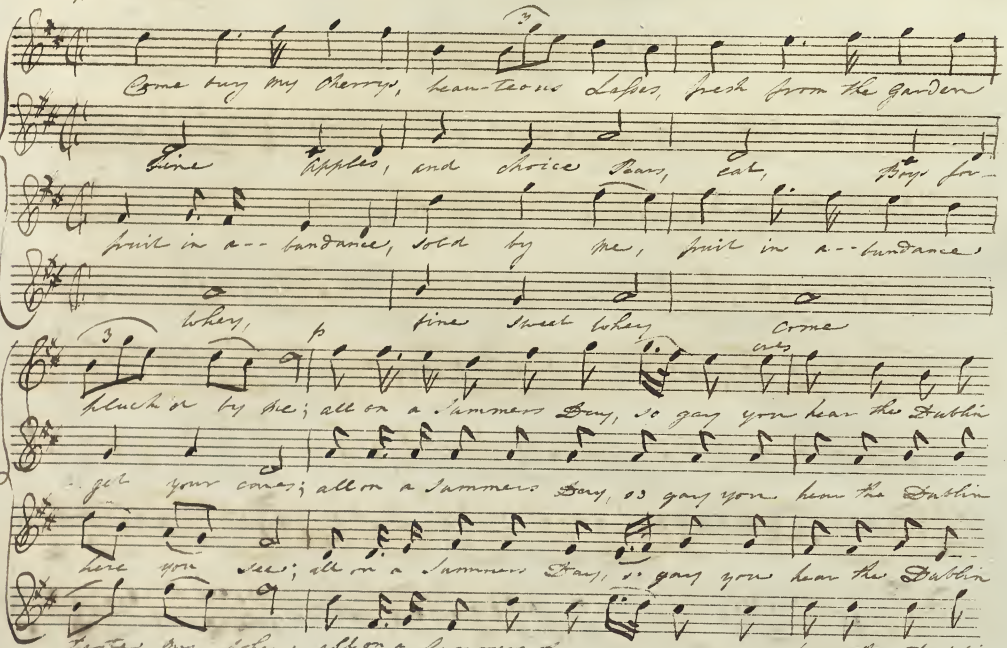
Lord Ronald.

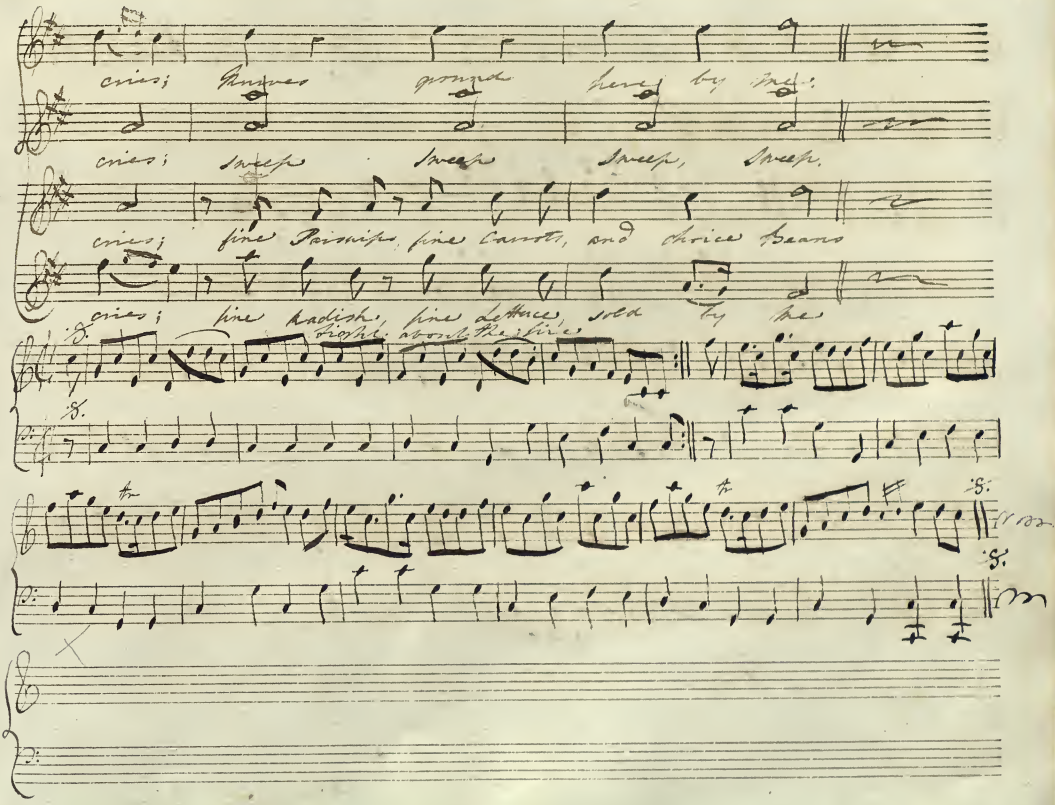

O where have ye been Lord Ronald my
Son O where have ye been Lord Ronald my son I have been at my sweet-heart Mother
make my bed soon For I am weary wi' the hunting and I fain wad lie down.
What got ye hae ye sweet-heart
Lord Ronald my son.
What got ye hae my sweet-heart
Lord Ronald my son.
I have got a deadly poison Mother.
make my bed soon
For I'm sick at the heart
and I fain wad lie down.

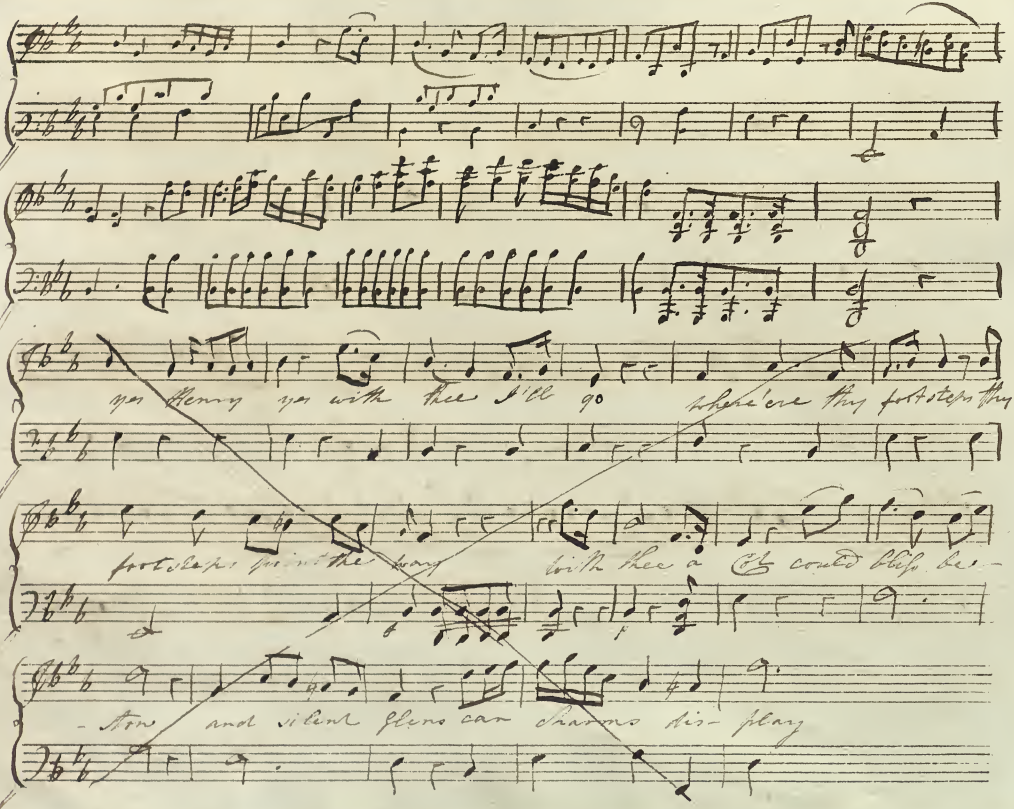
Venetian Ballad

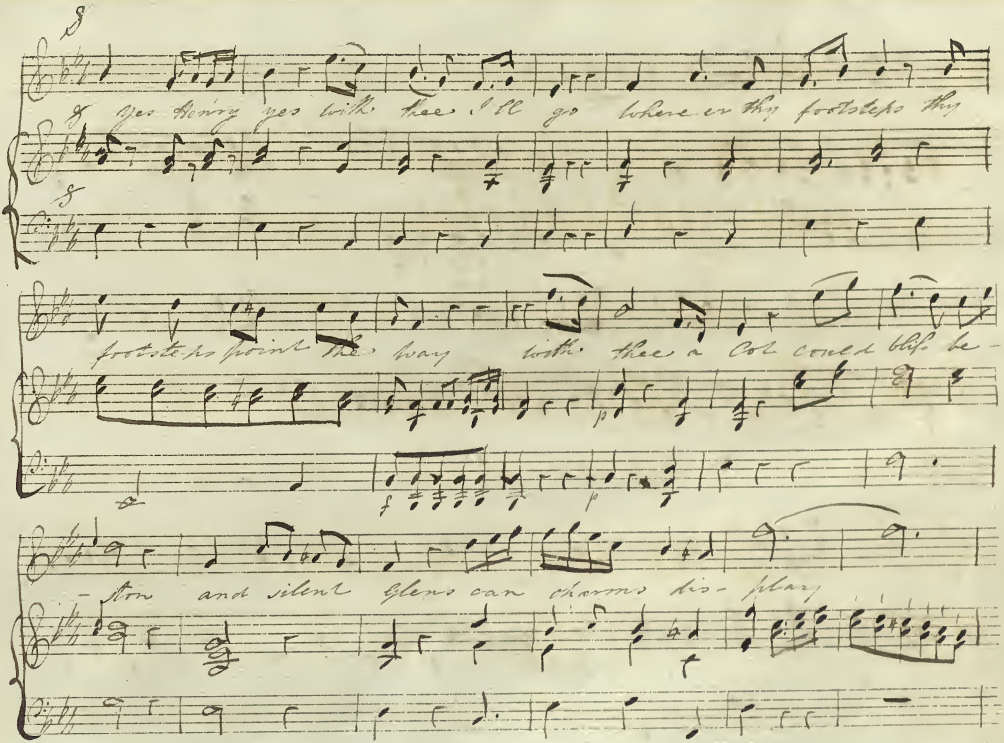


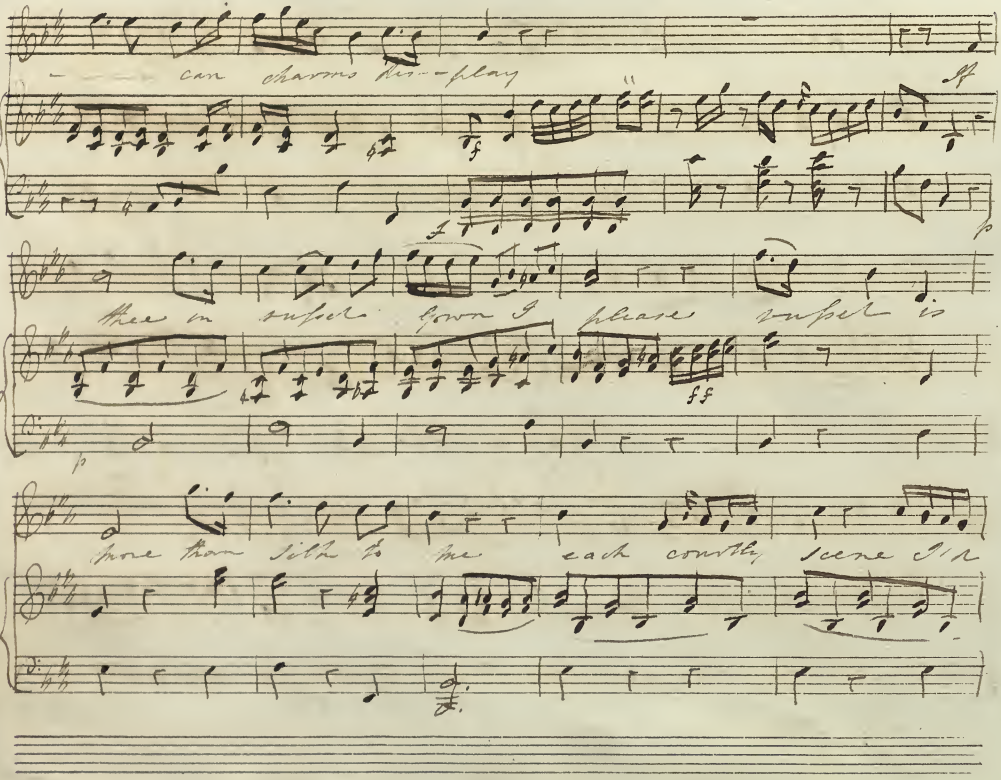
Moderato

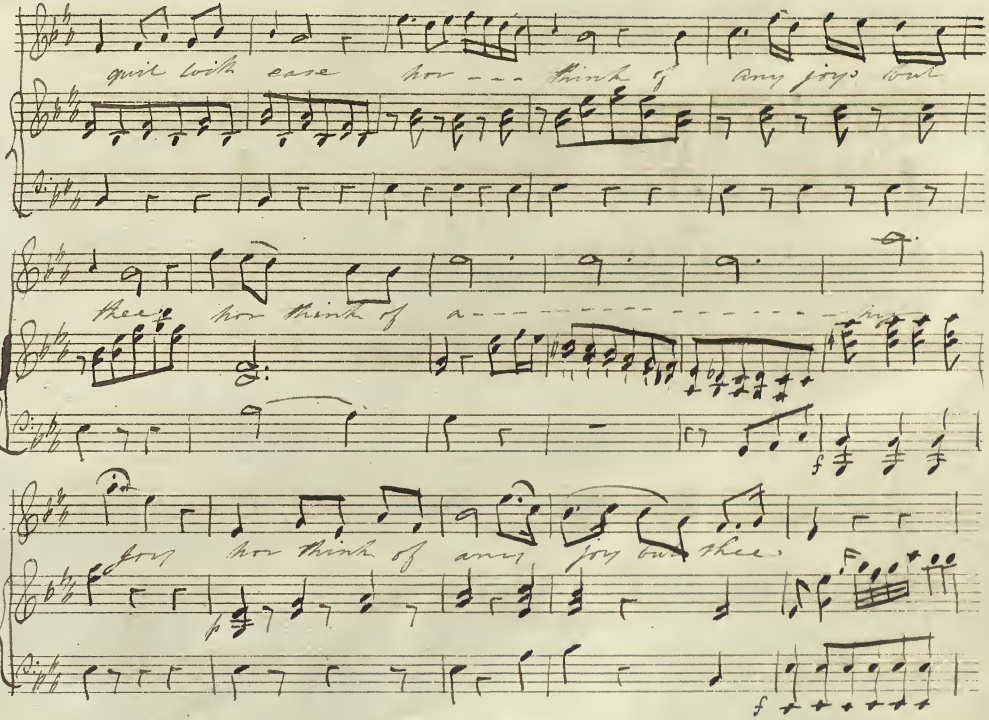

Come buy my Cherrys, lean-teous Lasses, fresh from the garden
Fine Apples, and choice Pears, eat, Boys for—
fruit in a-- bundance, sold by me, fruit in a-- bundance.
Whey, p fine sweet Whey, Come
cries
pluck'd by me; all on a Summers Day, so gays you hear the Dublin
get your cones; all on a Summers Day, so gays you hear the Dublin
here you see; all on a Summers Day, so gays you hear the Dublin
Taste my Whey; all on a Summers Day, so gays you hear the Dublin

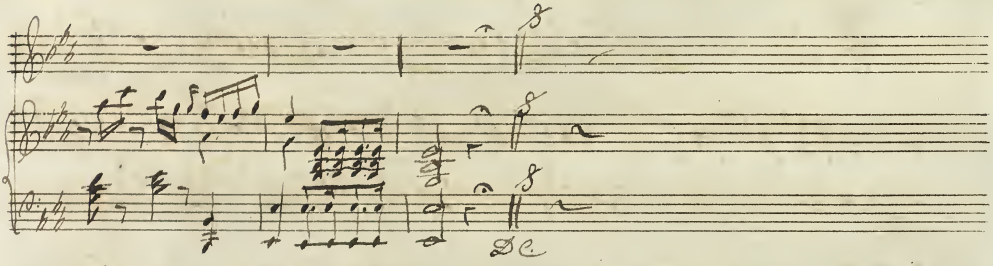

cries; Sweeps ground here by me;
cries; Sweep, Sweep, Sweep, Sweep,
cries; fine Parsnips, fine Carrots, and choice Beans
cries; fine Radishes, fine Lettuces, sold by me
D.S.
D.S.
D.S.


yes Henry yes with thee I'll go
whate'er thy footsteps thy
footsteps point their way
with thee a
could chuse be -
- tow and silent glens can charms dis- play


8
Yes Henry yes with thee I'll go where er thy footsteps thy
8
footsteps point the way with thee a Cot could bliss be-
stow and silent Glens can charms display


can charms dis--play
ff
p
thee in such gown I please such is
ff
p
more than life to me each courtly scene I'll


quit with ease how — think of any joys but
thee how think of a — — — — — — — — — joy
joys how think of any joy but thee



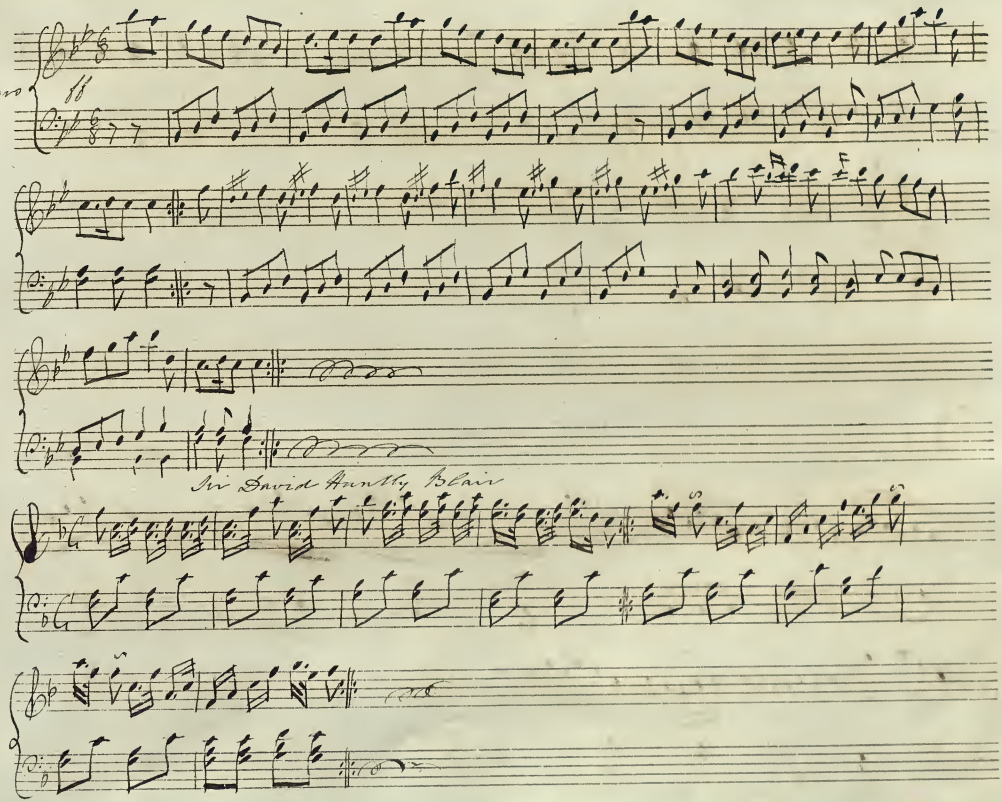
Yet Fancy flies with the I'll go
Thro' Sigh for and pleasure fast
Together with outstay'd Heart I go
To Shiver in the Northern Blast
Supported by thy friendly Arms
Fatigues will seem light to me
Thy Look to danger can alarm
Bleak through they bend to follow thee

~~And~~ Should the ill which most I dread
Should pain or grief thy peace molest
My Arm should prop thy drooping Head
Thy Voice should sooth thy Cares to rest
No more untaught by fondest love
Could like thy Nancy watchful be
Whilst every tender care should prove
How much thy joys depend on thee

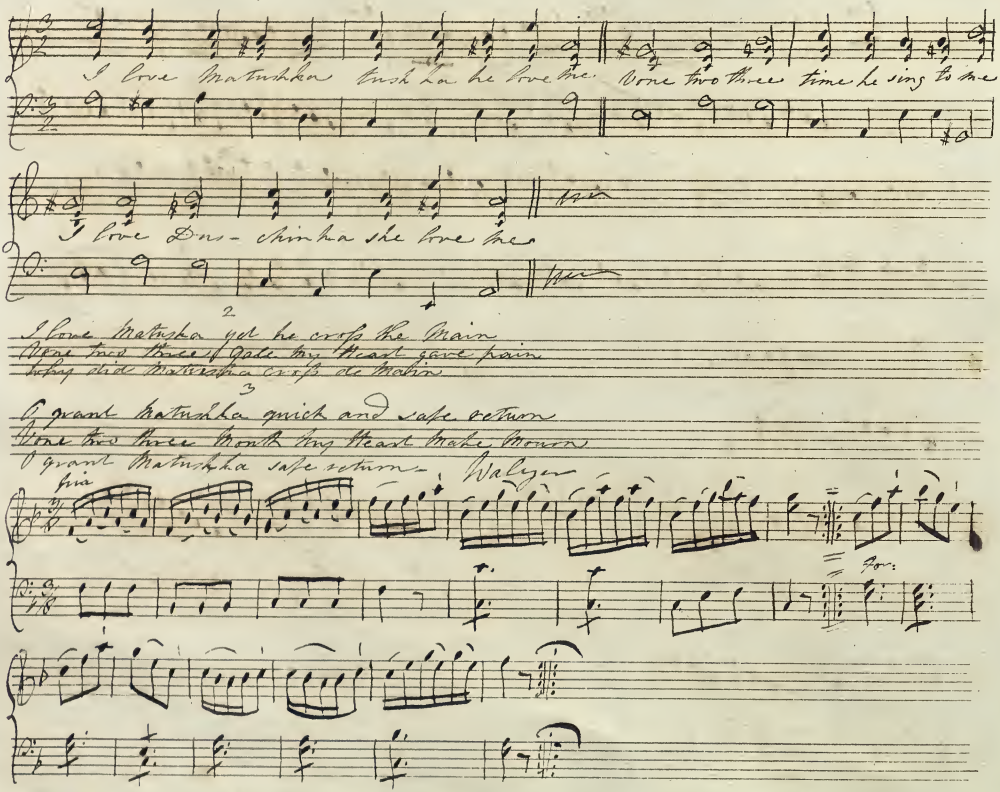
Mr Pierne

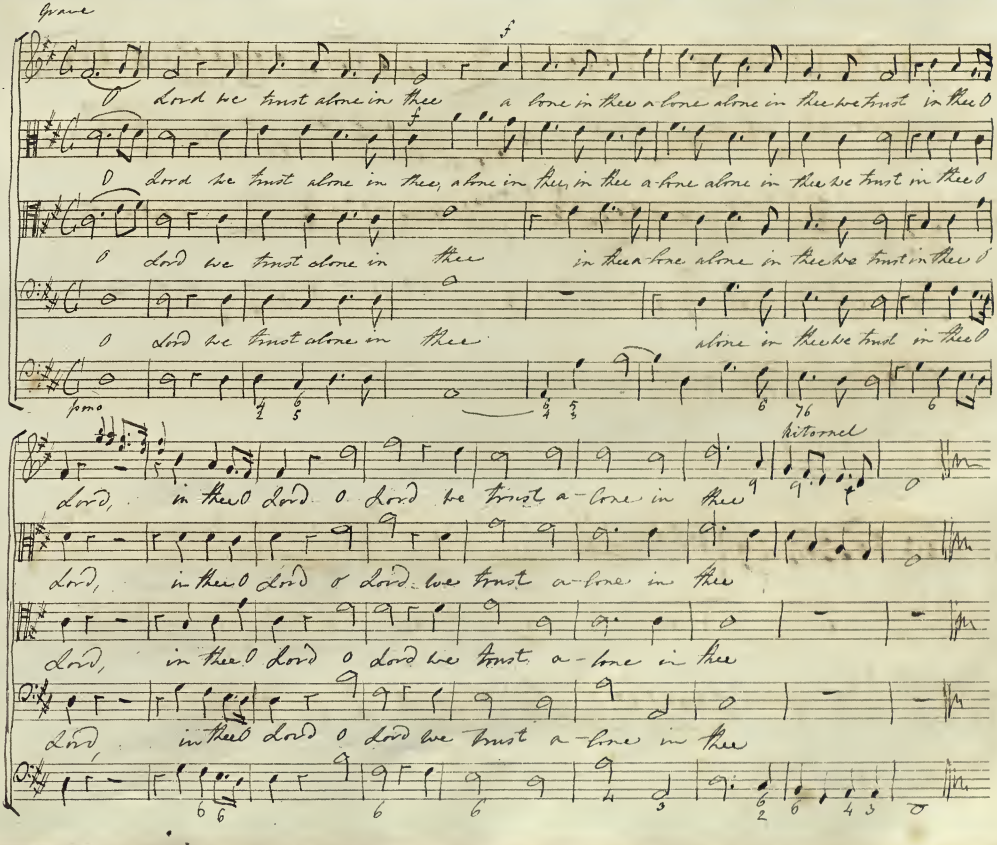
Allegro

Sir David Amnthy Blair

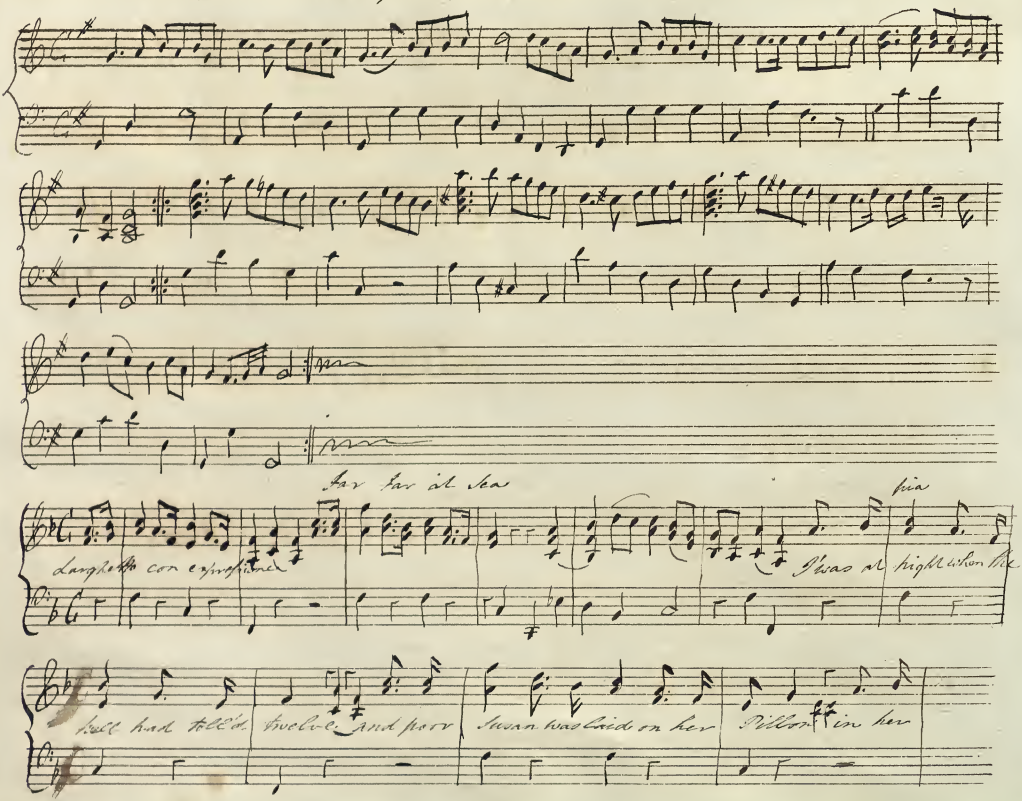


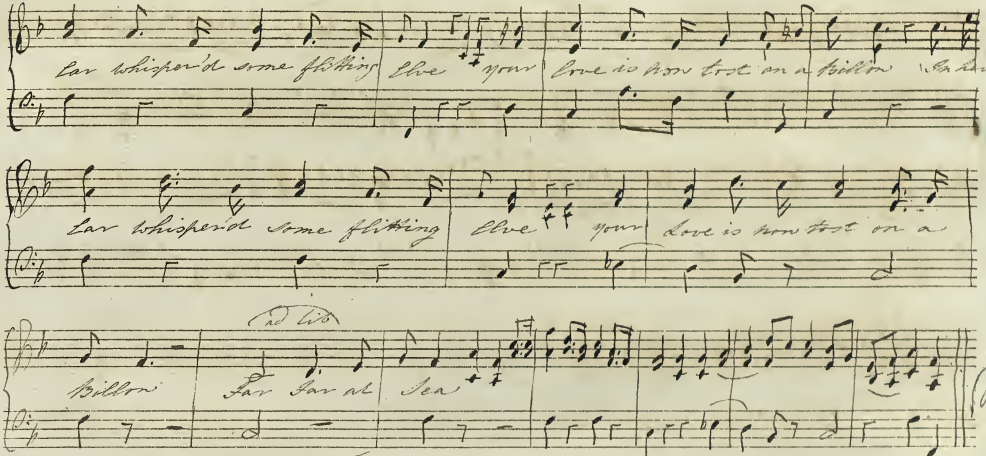
a Russian Air




Grave
f
Lord we trust alone in thee a lone in thee a lone alone in thee we trust in thee O
f
O Lord we trust alone in thee, alone in thee, in thee a lone alone in thee we trust in thee O
O Lord we trust alone in thee in thee a lone alone in thee we trust in thee O
O Lord we trust alone in thee alone in thee we trust in thee O
forno
ritornel
Lord, in thee O Lord O Lord we trust a-lone in thee
Lord, in thee O Lord O Lord we trust a-lone in thee
Lord, in thee O Lord O Lord we trust a-lone in thee
Lord, in thee O Lord O Lord we trust a-lone in thee

Air in Harlequin Amulet





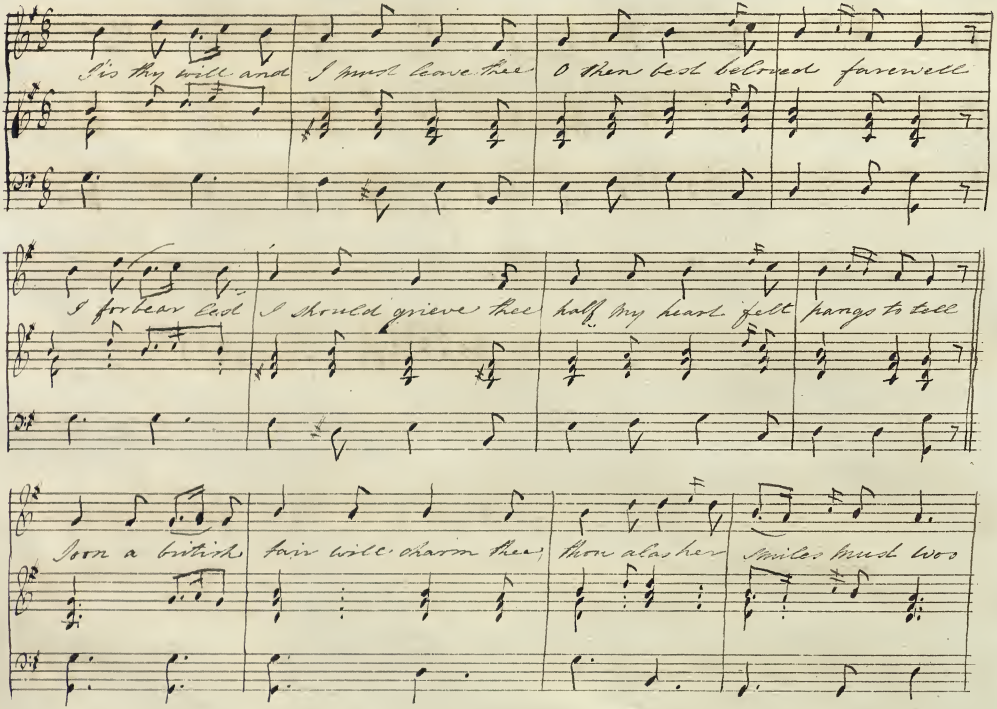
All was dark as the breathless ens of death
Not an Object her fears could discover
All was still as the silence of death
Save fancy which painted her Lover

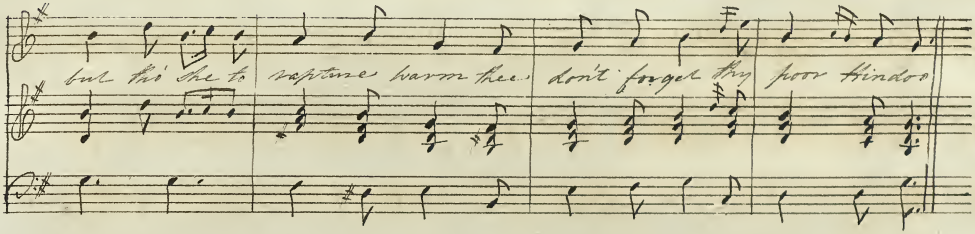
Far Far at Sea

So she whisper'd a prayer closed her eyes
But the Phantom still haunted her Pillow
Whilst in Terror she echoed his cries
As Struggling he sunk in a Billow

Far Far at Sea

An Hindostan girls Song





2

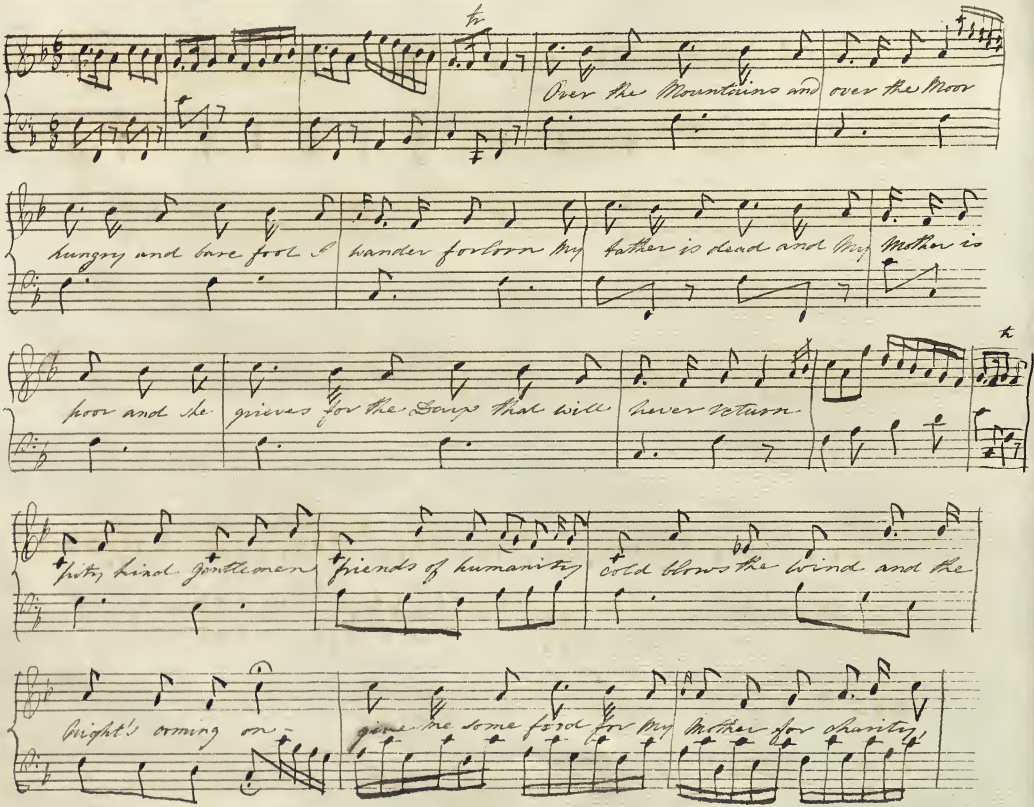
Well I know this happy beauty
Soon thy envied Bride will shine
But will She by Passions duty
prove a passion warm as mine
If to one be her ambition
And her own desires pursue
Should recall thy fond submission
And regret thy poor Hindoo

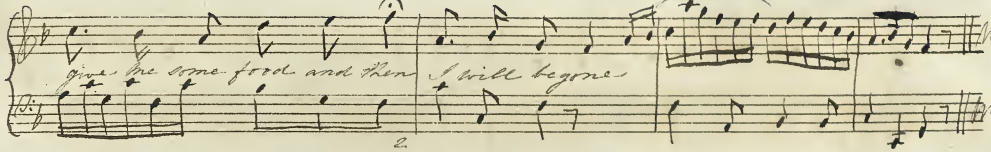
3

Soon perhaps to rank and splendour
Will she deign to smile on thee
And those kind attentions tender
Shown so oft last proved to me
But why doubt her care to please thee
Shou much every heart subdues
Sure each Nymph that see thee
Loves thee like thy poor Hindoo

4

No ah! No, tho' from thee parted
Other Nymphs would peace obtain
But thy Lola broken hearted
Never! never will smile again
Oh! how fast from thee they fear me
Faster still shall death pursue
But tis well death will endear me
And thou'lt mourn thy poor Hindoo


Over the Mountains and over the Moor
hungry and bare foot I wander forlorn My father is dead and My Mother is
poor and de grieves for the Days that will never return
poity kind gentlemen friends of humanity cold blows the wind and the
night's coming on give me some food for my Mother for charity



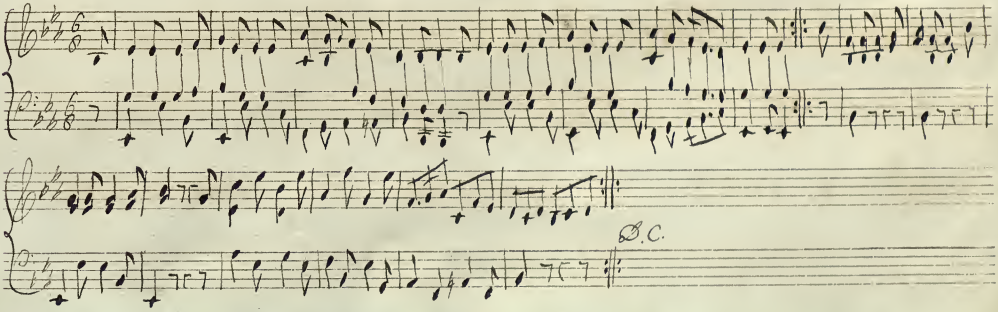
2.

Call me Not Lazy back Beggar and bold enough
Fain would I learn both to knit and to Sew
I have two little Brothers at home when they're old enough
They will work hard for the Gifts you bestow
Pity kind Gentlemen

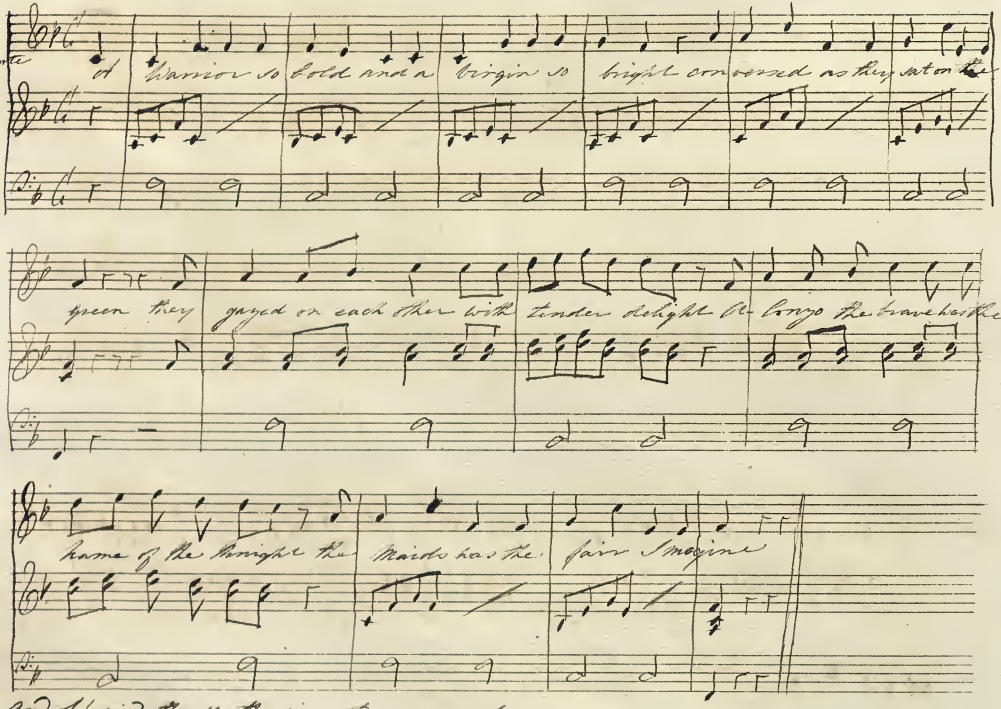
3

O think while you revel so careless and free!
Secure from the wind and well sheltered and fed
Should Fortune so change it how hard it would be
To beg at a Door for a Morsel of bread
Pity kind Gentlemen

The 40 Deputies.



Alonzo and fair Imogine



And oh! said the youth since tomorrow I go
To fight on a far distant land
Your tears in my absence soon ceasing to flow
Some other will court you and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand.

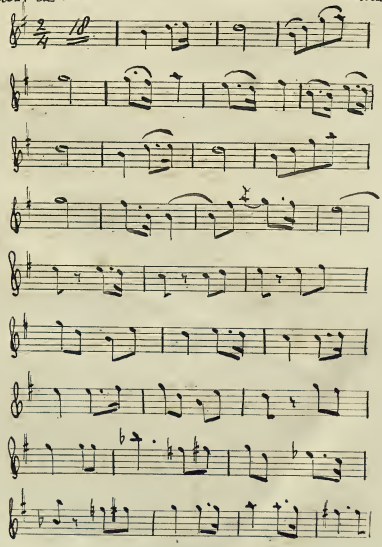
"Ach wie fromm"

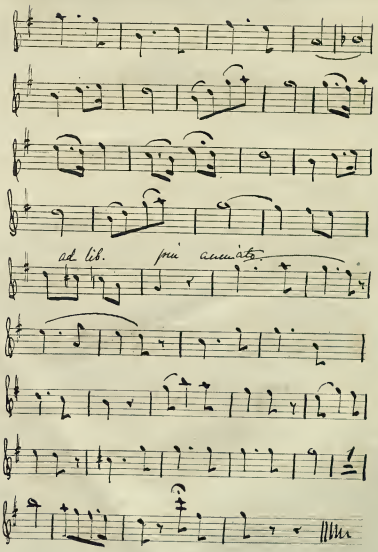
from

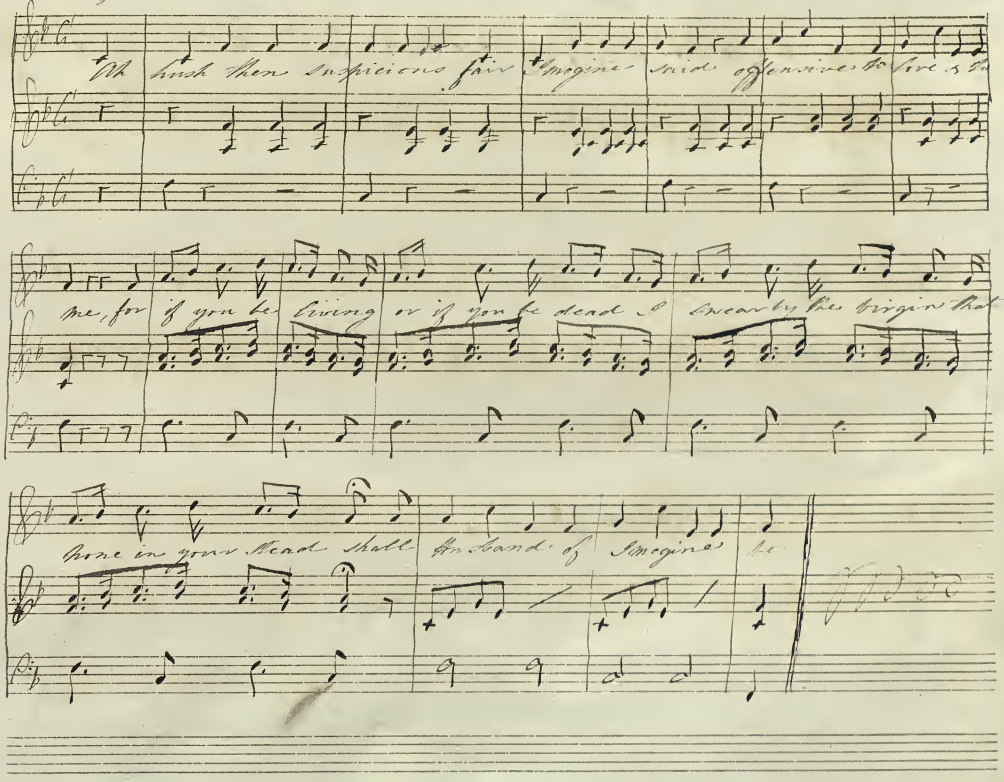
"Martha."

Clar. in Bb.

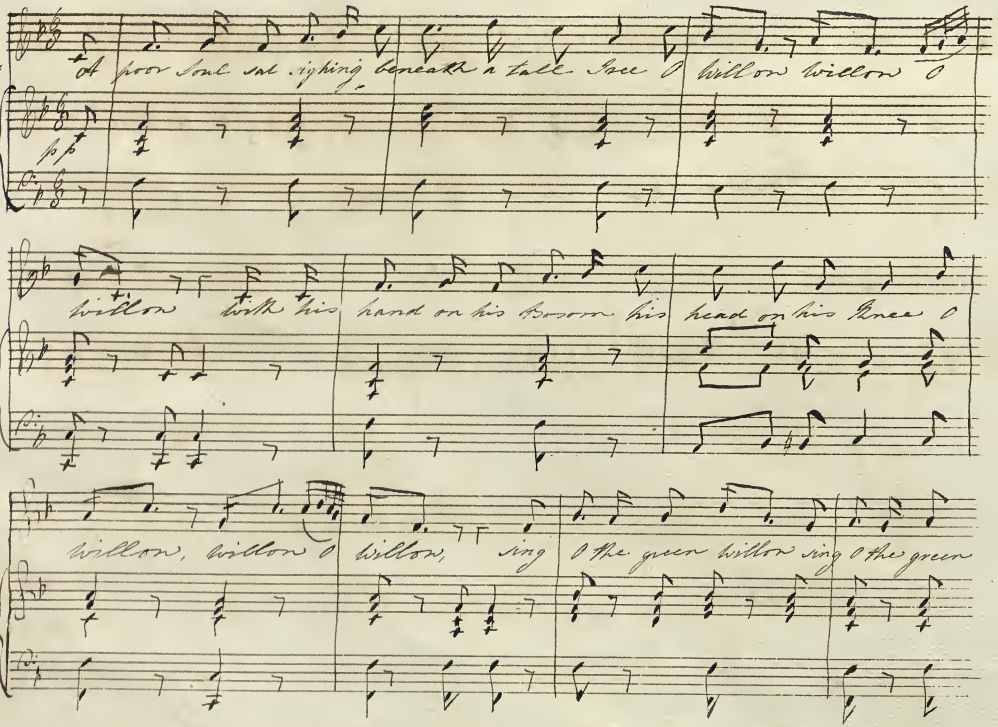
Clar. in Bb. "Martha".

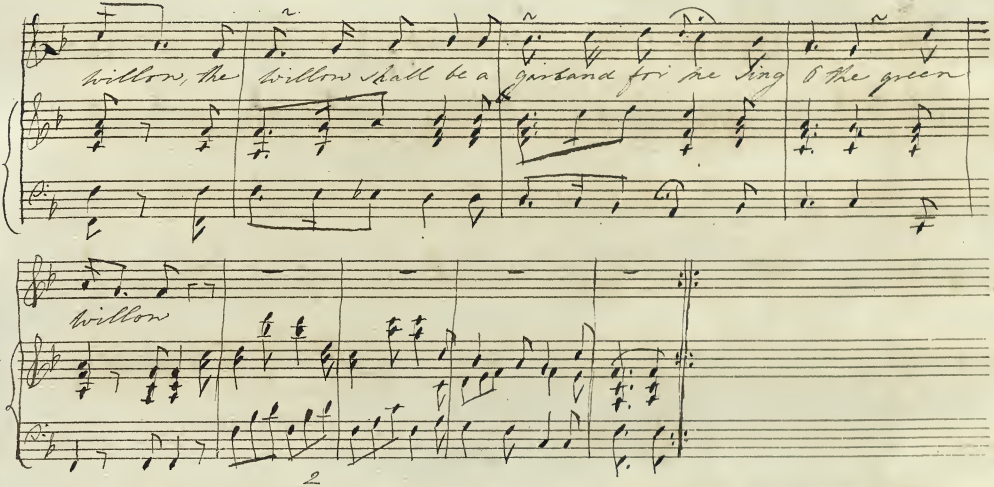



ad lib.
più animato


Allegretto
Oh hush then suspicions fair Imagine Maid of Jennine to love is to
me for if you be living or if you be dead O swear by the Virgin that
prove in yours stead shall the band of Imagine be

The Willow


Voice
A poor soul sat sighing beneath a tall Tree O
Willow Willow O
Willow with his hand on his Bosom his head on his Knee O
Willow, Willow O
Willow, sing O the green Willow sing O the green



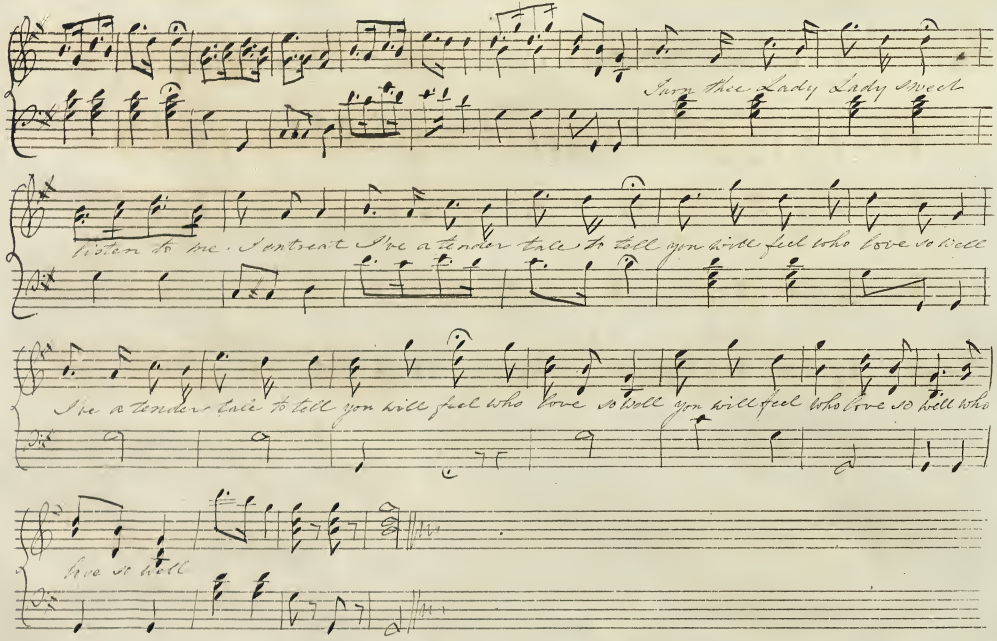
2

He sighed in his singing and after each groan
O willow willow O willow
I am dead to all pleasure my true love is gone
O willow willow O willow
Sing O the green willow

3

Let no body blame me, her scorn I approve
O willow, willow, O willow
She was born to be fair & to die for her love
O willow, willow, O willow
Sing O the green willow

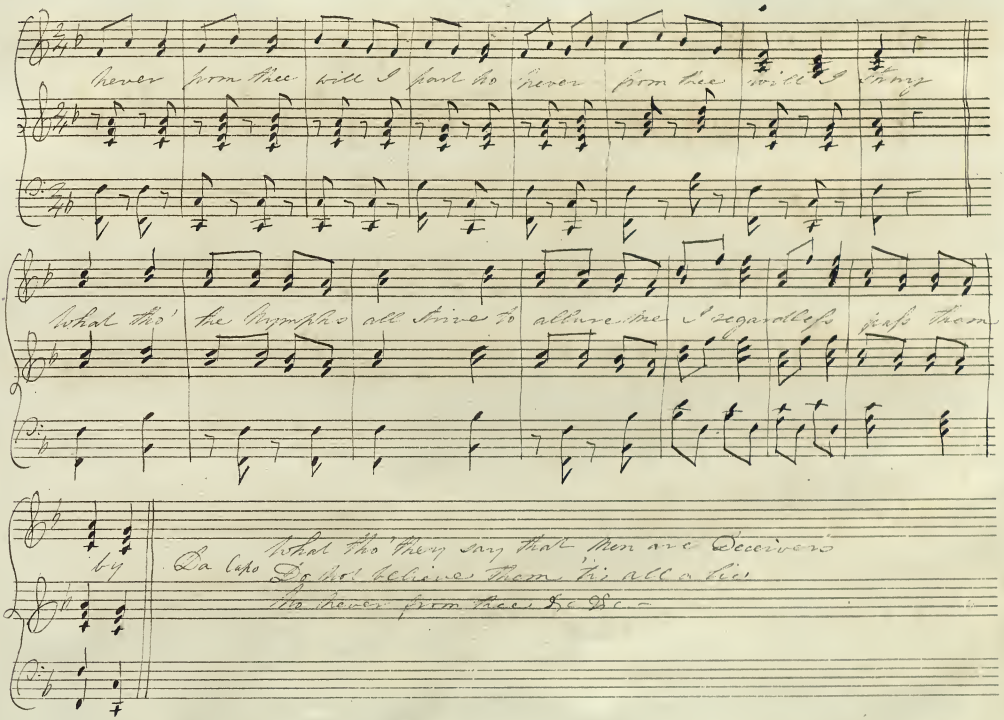
Turn thee Lady



In a Dungeon dark from Day
Woman weeps her life away
with her Infant Child she lies
tearless weeps and cease to sigh —

From among the Mouldering dead
Ashes Ashes Stones Snakes her Bed
Day & Midnight hear from the Grove
Hasten dear Mirble oh Mirble to save!

Ballad


Never from thee will I part tho
Never from thee will I stray
What tho' the Nymphs all strive to allure me
Regardless pass them by
Da capo
What tho they say that Men are Deceivers
Do not believe them 'tis all a lie
Ne'er from thee &c &c

Grazioso

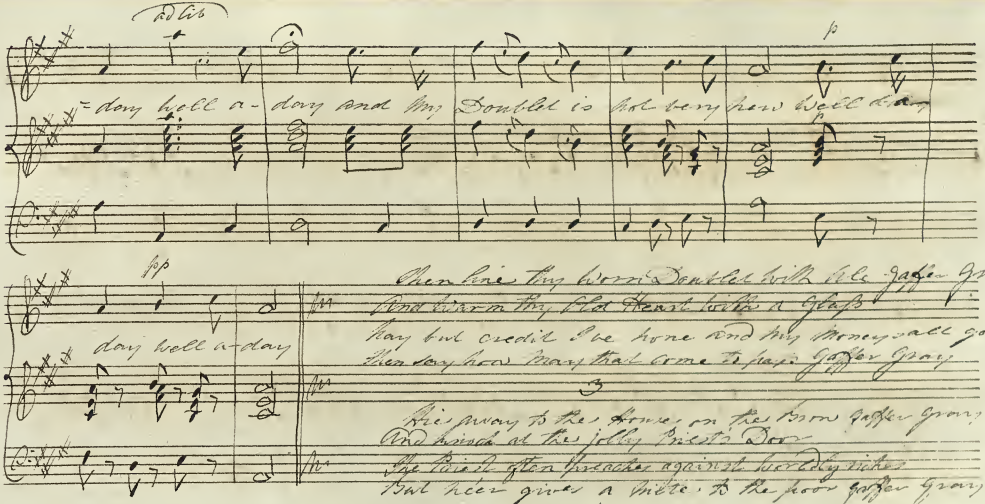
Jaffer Gray

Voice

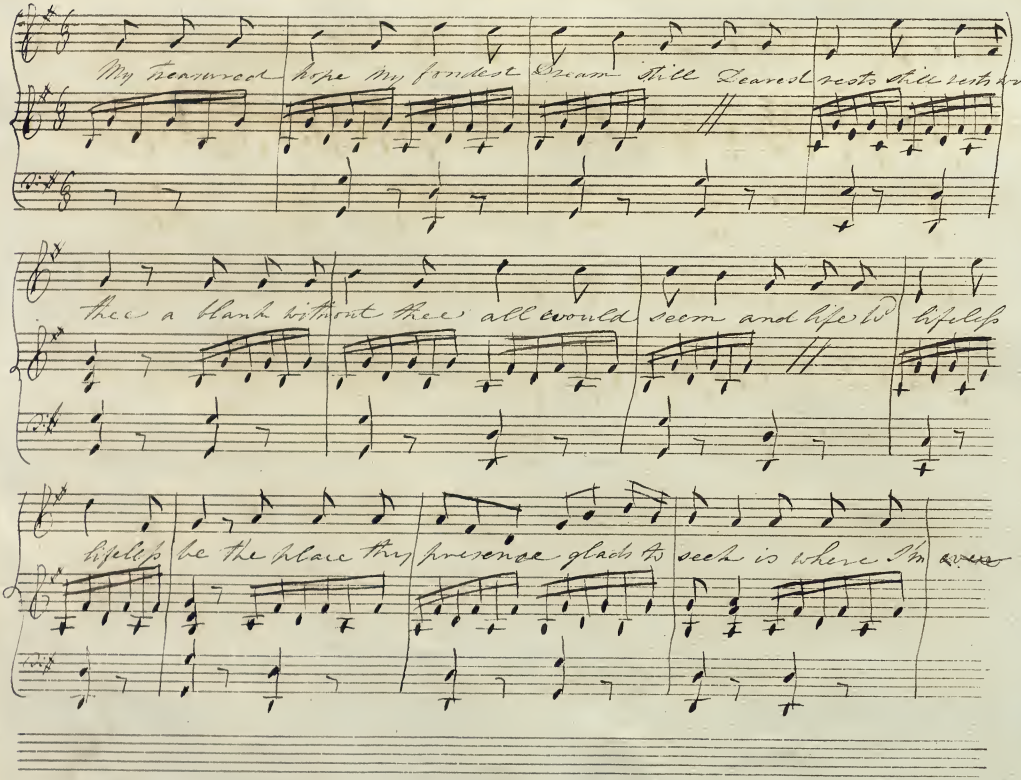
Why dost thou shiver and shake Jaffer Gray Jaffer Gray and

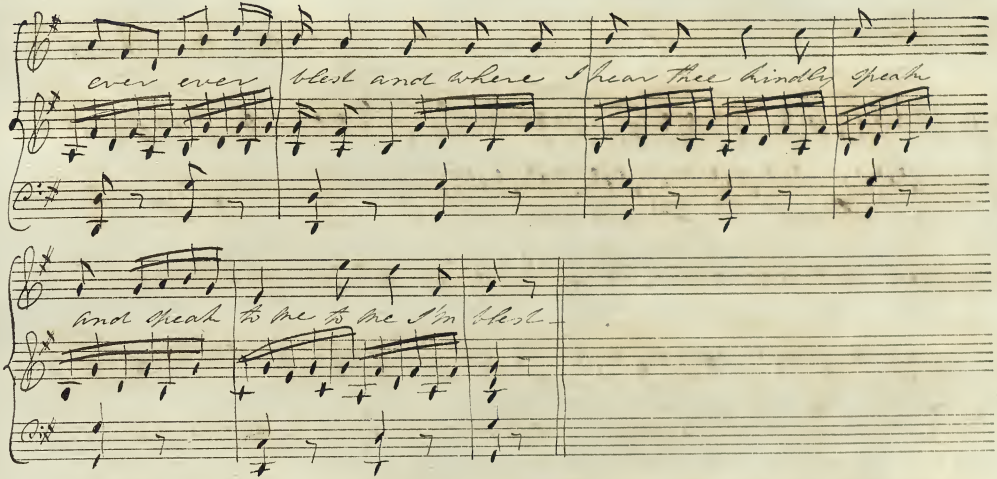
why does thy nose look so blue Jaffer Gray Jaffer Gray 'tis the weather that's

cold 'tis I'm grown very old and my Doublet is not very thick well—


Ped
day hall a-
day and my
Doublet is
hot very
how Well
day
pp
day hall a-
day
Then live thy Worn Doublet hold till Jacke Gray
And Liver in thy Old Heart hold a Glass
May but credit Ive none and my Money all gone
Then say how May that come to pass Jaffer Gray
3
Hie away to the Groves on the Brow Jaffer Gray
And hinds at the jolly Priests Door
The Parish often preaches against Worldly riches
But neer give a Mite to the poor Jaffer Gray
4
My Rag is but torn Leaves of Jaffer Gray
What Thou whilst it Lasts Man Will live
The poor Man alone When he hears the poor Moan
Of his Morsel a Morsel will give Jaffer Gray

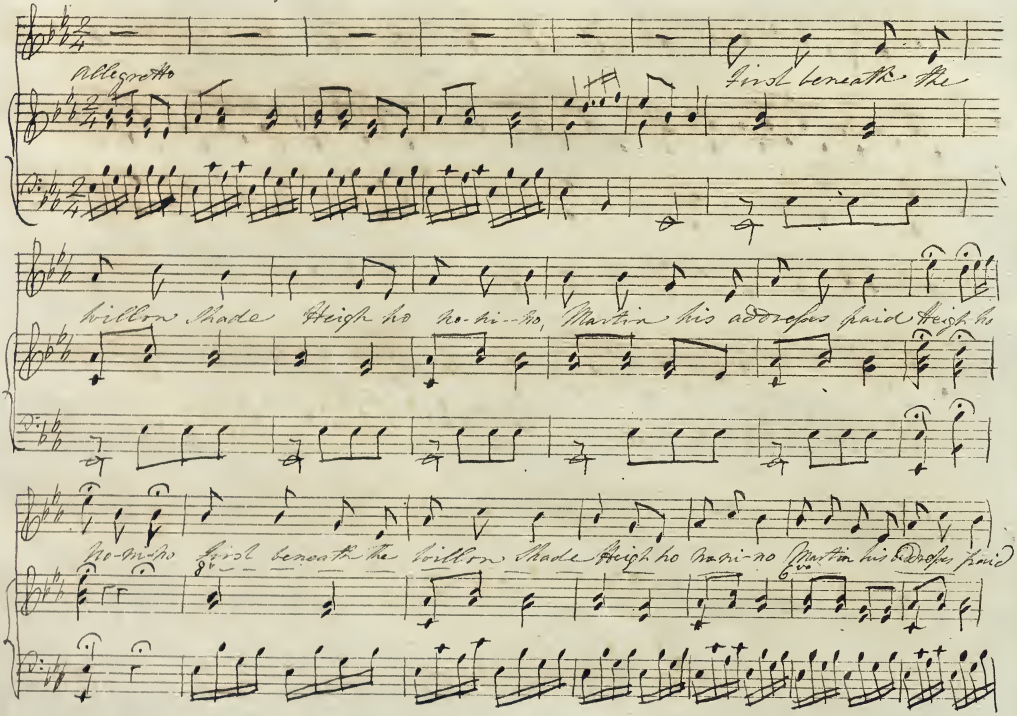
My Treasured Hope

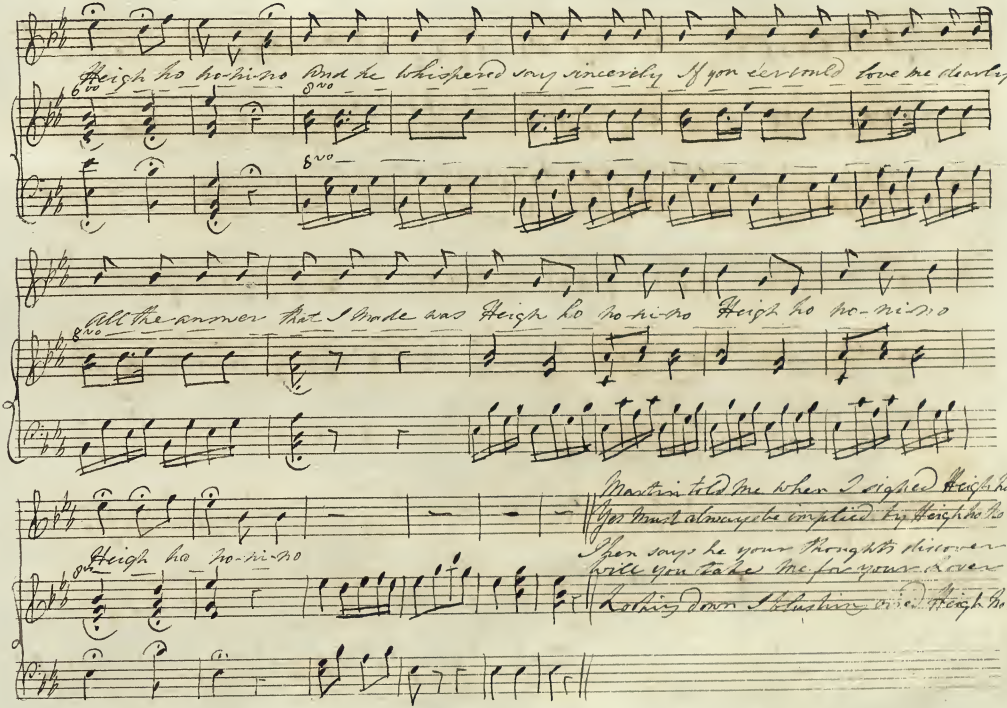




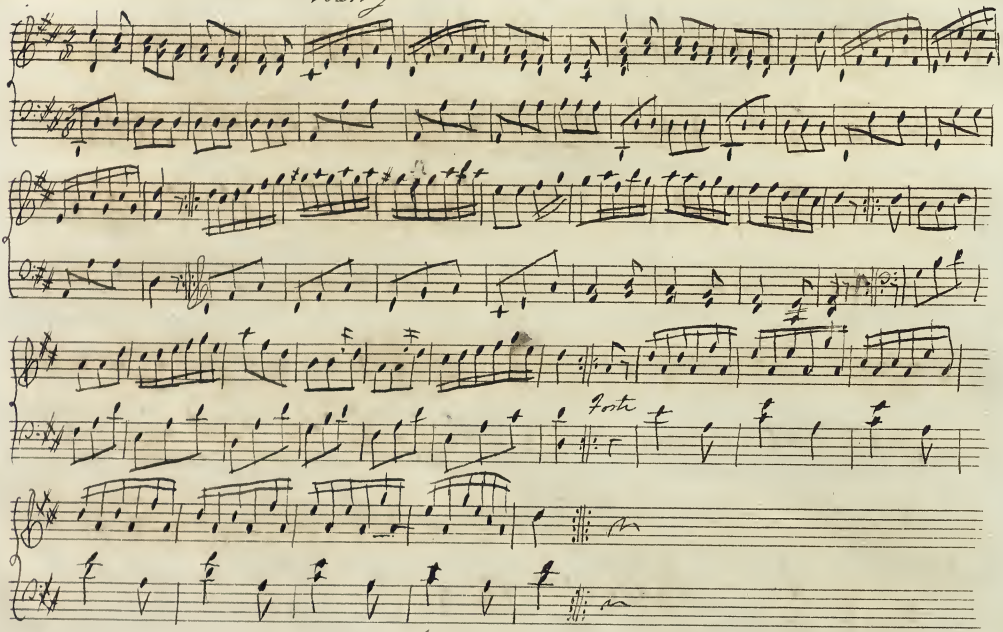
But Thou'rt hard fate ordain it so
Still Dearest Dearest I'm resigned
And if from me Thou art bent to go
Or absent absent or unkind
Myself by thee my silent care
Shall never never seek relief
But still I'll wish thou mayst not share
My sad My sad and silent grief

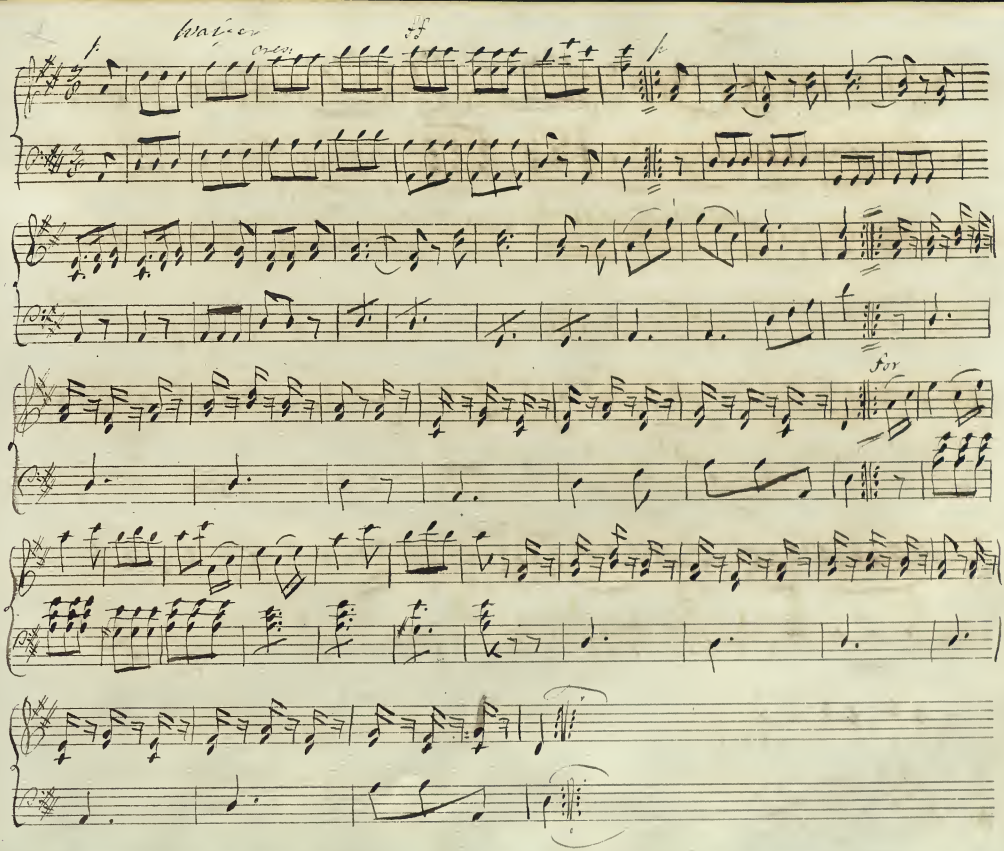
In general Times

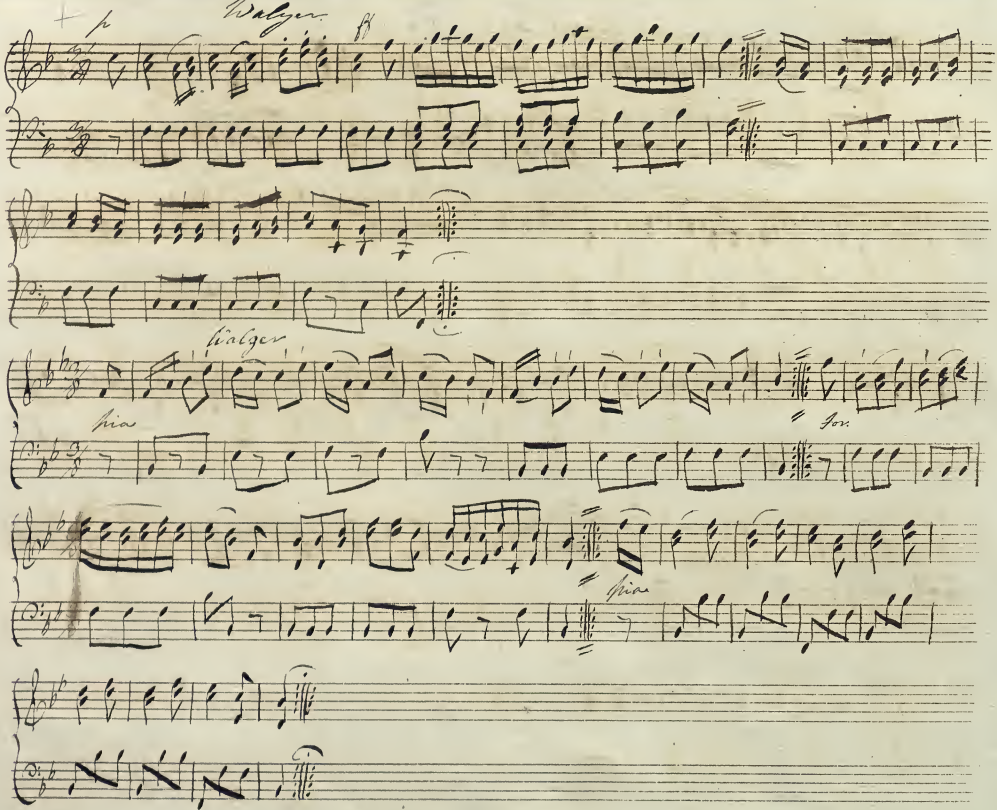



Heigh ho ho-ri-no And he whispered very sincerely If you ever could love me dearly
All the answer that I made was Heigh ho ho-ri-no Heigh ho ho-ri-no
Martin told me when I sighed Heigh ho ho-ri-no
You must always be implied by Heigh ho ho-ri-no
Then says he your thoughts discover
Will you take me for your lover
Heigh ho ho-ri-no
Looking down I blushing cried Heigh ho ho-ri-no

Waltz




f.
Violen
Violen
ff
fz
fz
fz

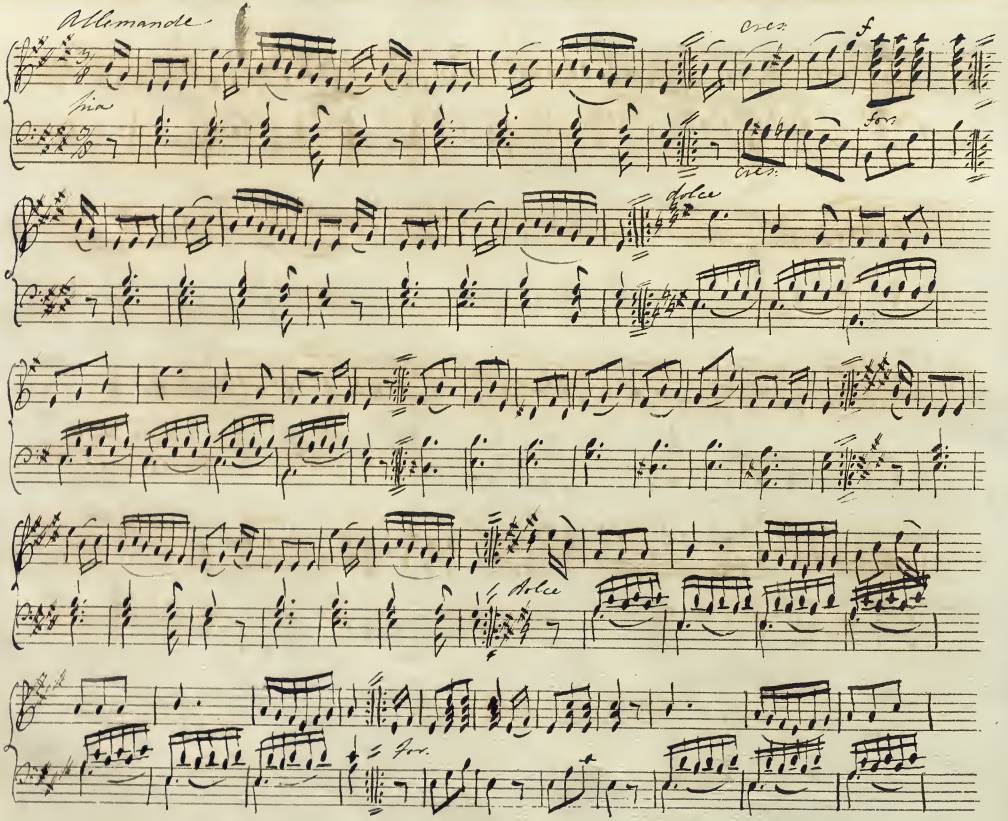

Walzer
Walzer
Fine
Fine

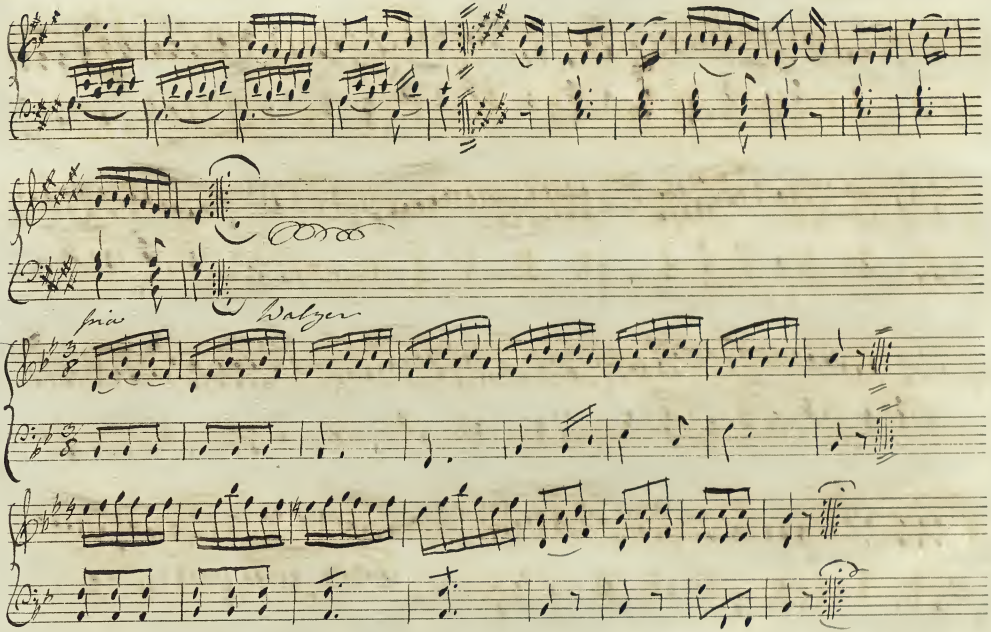
Allemande

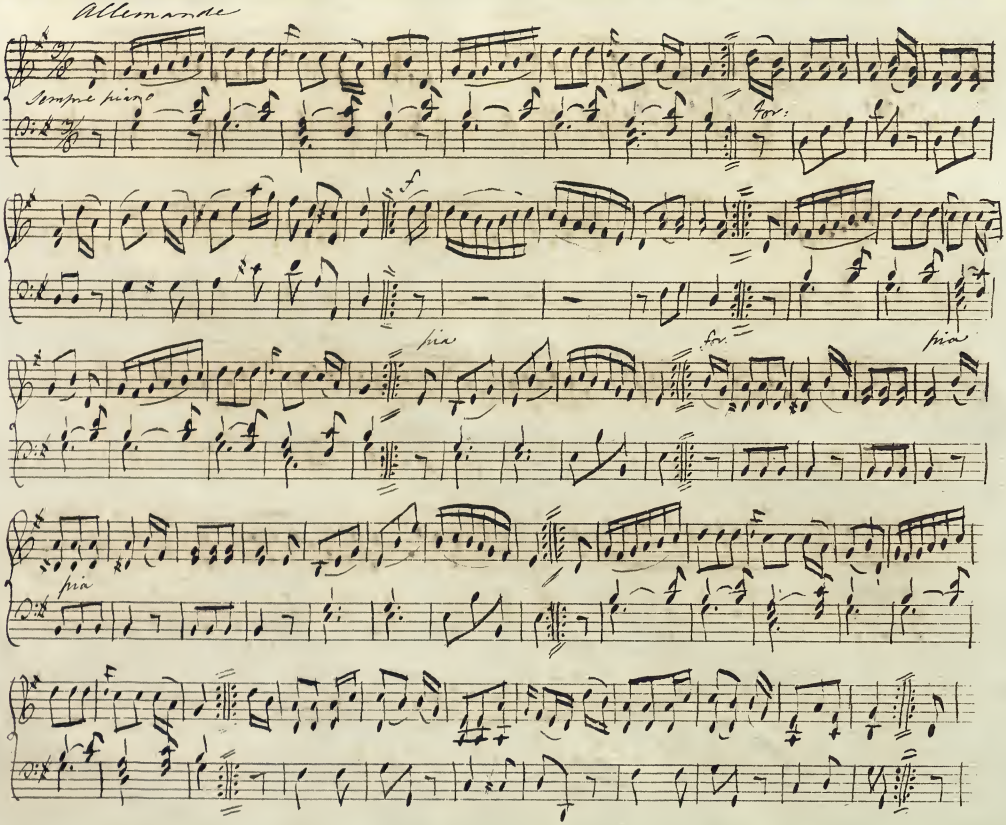
Sempre piano

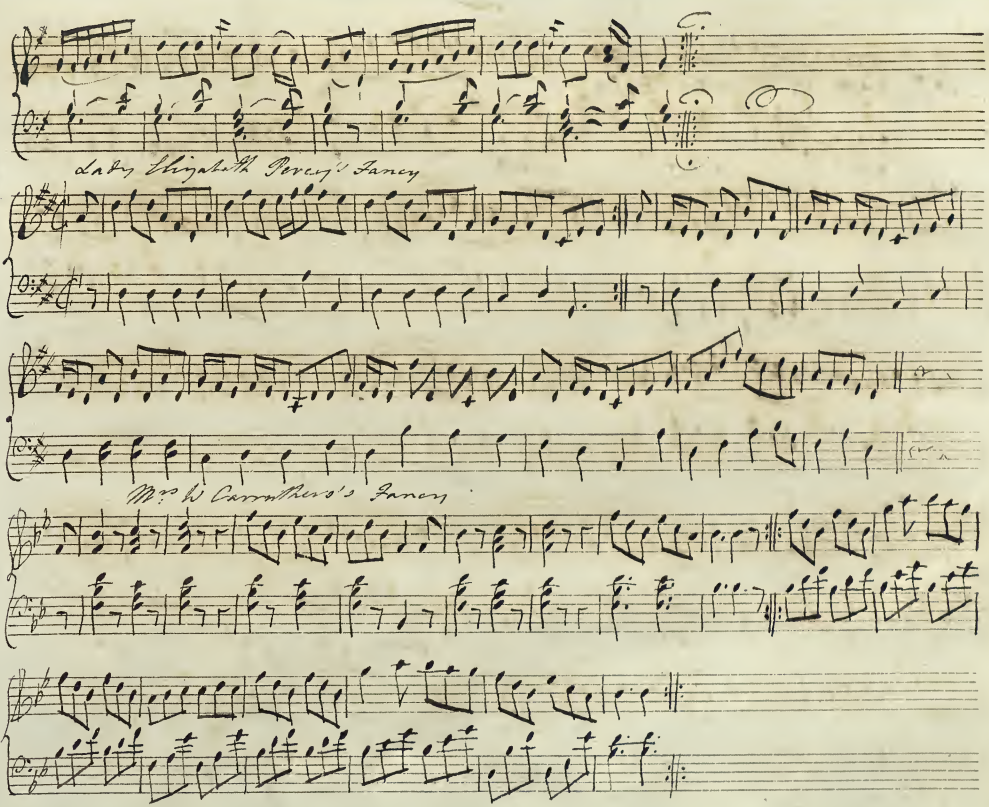
for.

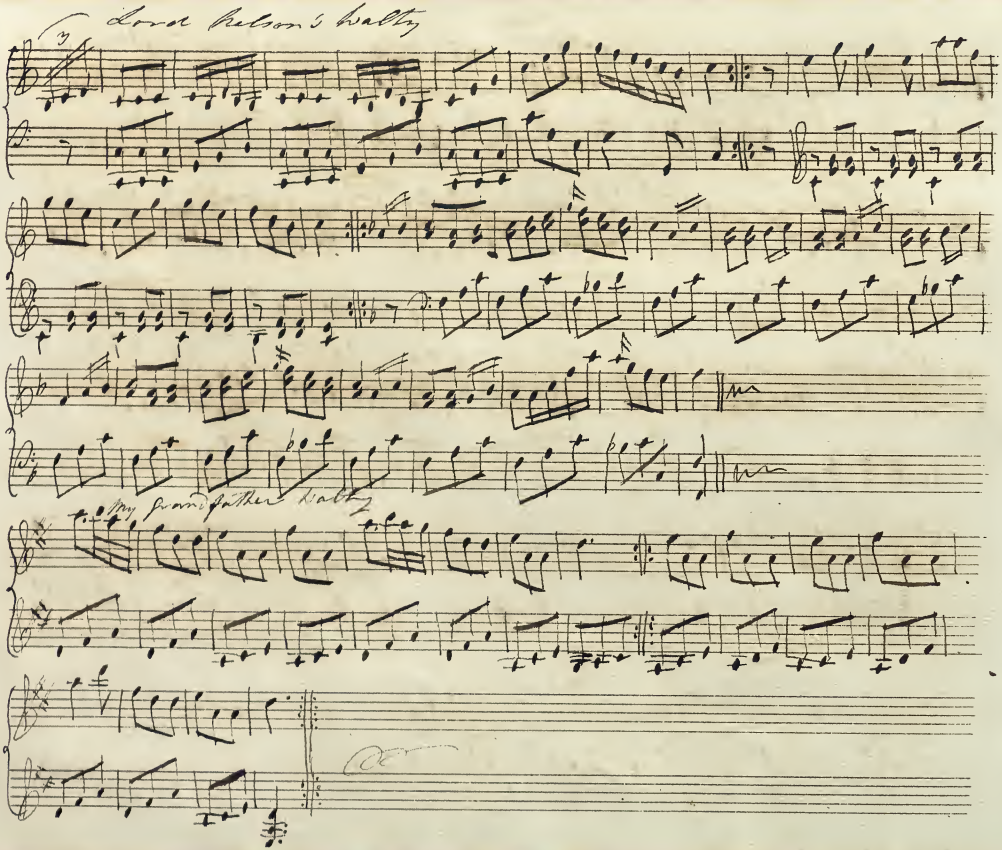
fria


Allemande
cres.
f
Tres
cres.
dolce
dolce
For.

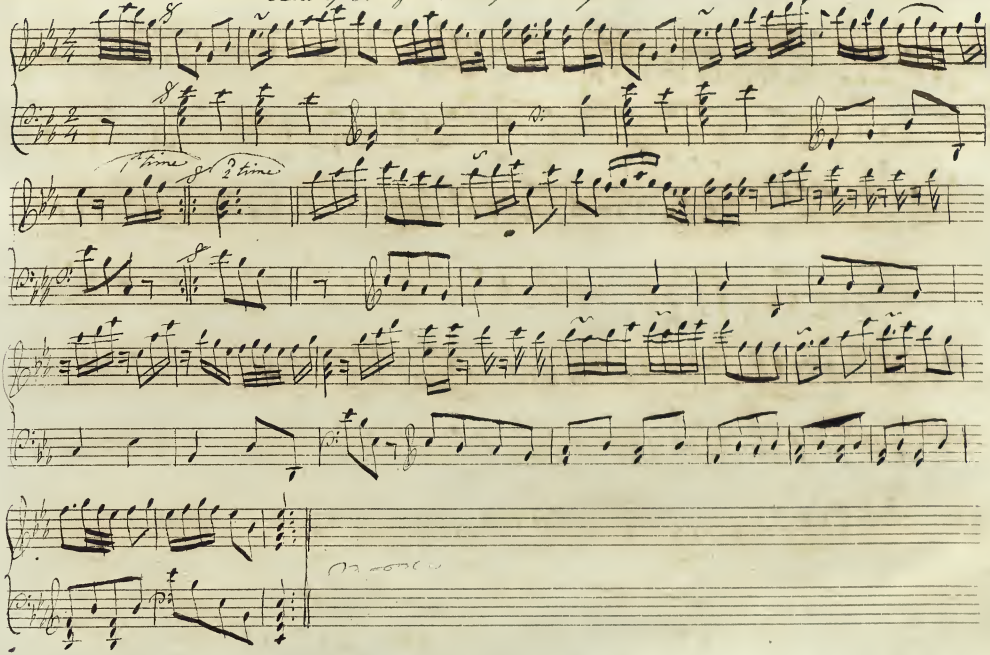

Walzer


Allemande
sempre piano
for.
f
pia
for.
pia
pia
f

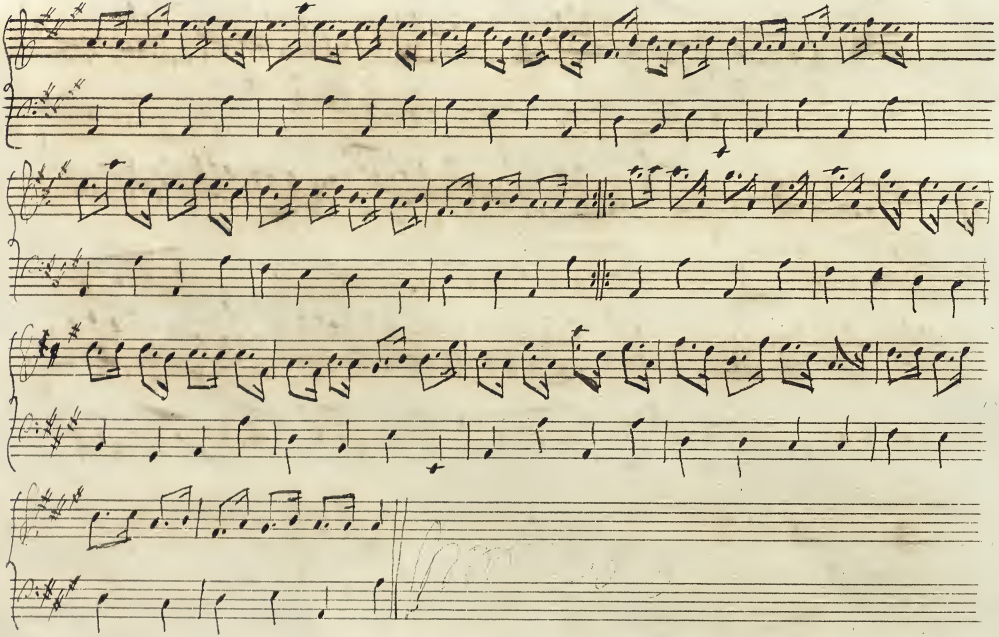

Lady Elizabeth Percy's Fancy
Mrs W Carruthers's Fancy


Lord Nelson's Waltz
My grandfather's Waltz

Lady Shaftesbury's delight



Dance in Spread the Boughs



The death of auld Robin Gray

Largo

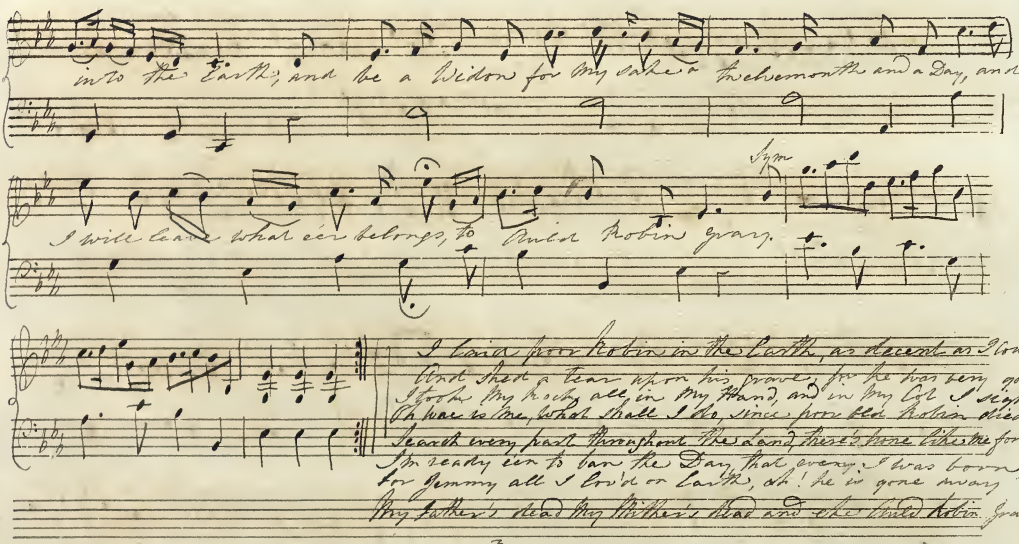
p

S. The Summer it was smiling all Nature round was gay when

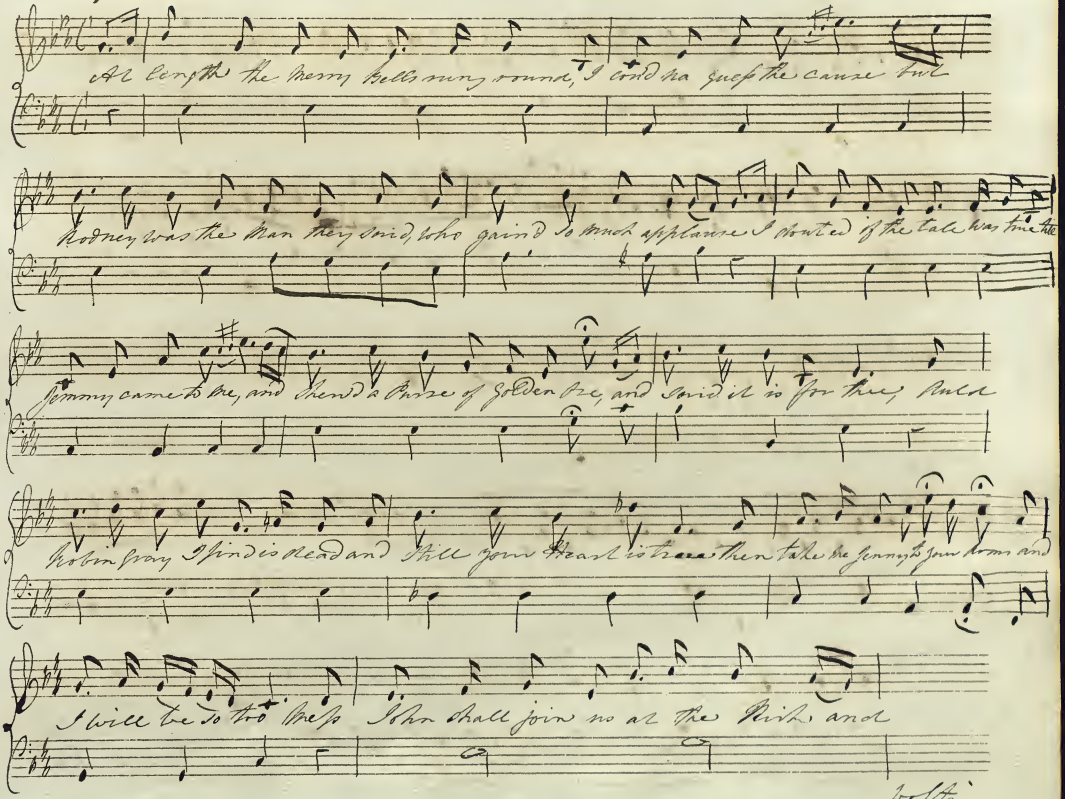
Jenny was attending on auld Robin Gray, for he was sick at heart, and

had no friend beside, but only she poor Jenny, who shortly was his Bride, ah!

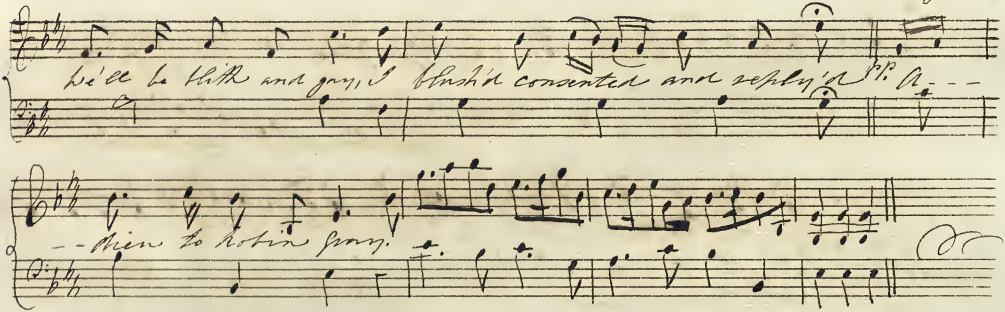
Jenny I shall die he cryd as sure as I had strength, Then see my poor old Bones, I pray, laid


into the Earth, and be a Widow for My sake a twelvemonths and a Day, and
I will leave what ere belongs to Robin gray.
I laid poor Robin in the Earth, as decent as I cou'd
God shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very good
I took My rocky all in My Hand, and in My Cot I sigh'd
Oh woe is me, what shall I do, since poor the Robin died,
Search every part throughout the Land, there's none like me forlorn
I'm ready ere to Curse the Day, that ever I was born,
For Jemmy all I Cou'd or Can't, ah! he is gone away,
My Father's dead My Mother's dead and she Child Robin Gray
3
I rose up with the Morning's Sun, and Spun till Evening Day
And one whole year of Widowhood I Mourn'd for Robin Gray
I did the duty of a Wife, both kind and constant too,
Let every one example take and Jemmy's Plan pursues
I thought that Jemmy he was dead, or he to me was lost
And all My Mind and youthfull Love, entirely was cross'd
I tried to sing I try'd to Laugh, and pass the time away
For I had lost a Friend above since Child Robin Gray.

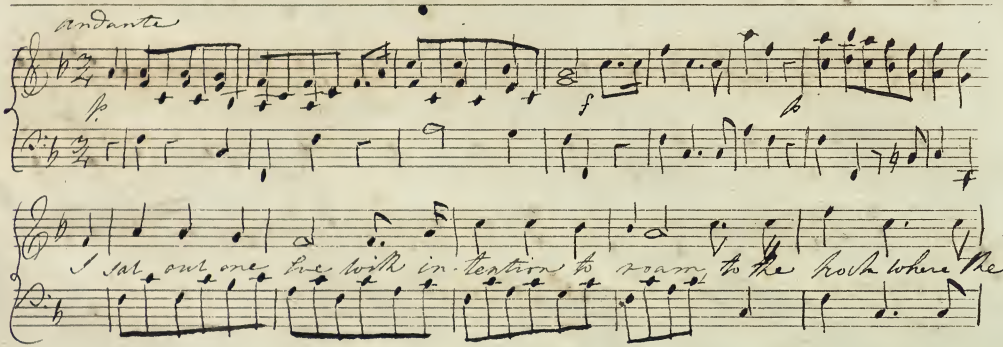
Allegro ♩=120

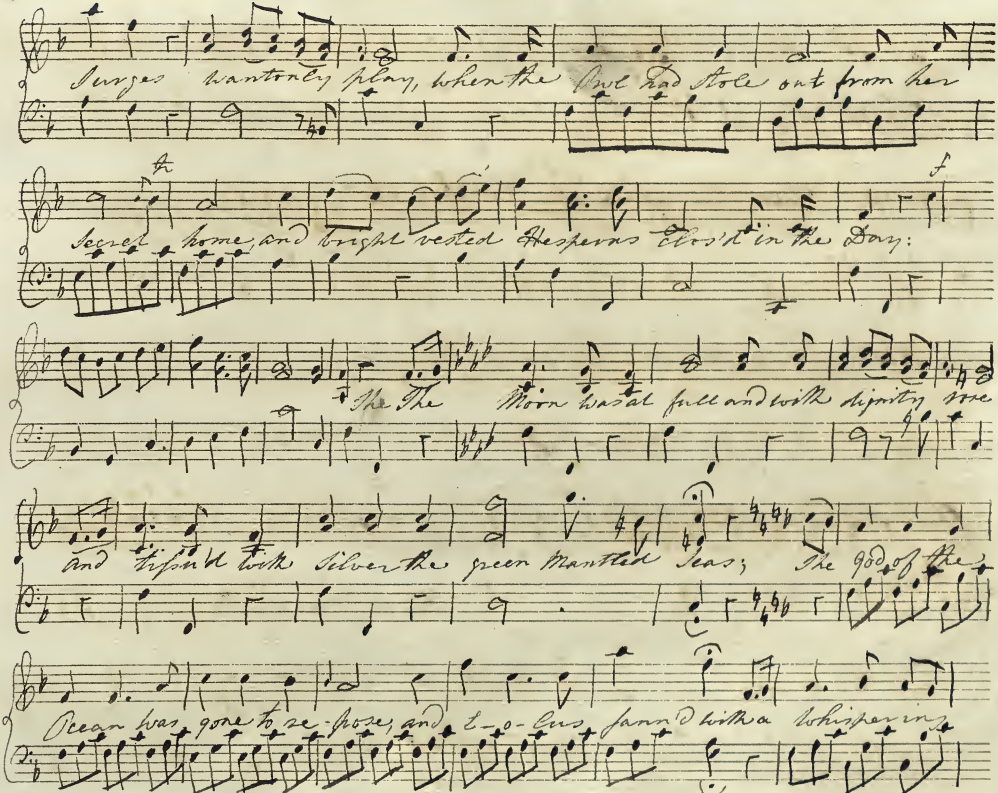

At Lergathe the merry Bells rung round, I could na guess the cause but
Rodney was the Man they said, who gaind so much applause I wonted if the tale was true the
Jemmy came to me, and shewd a Purse of golden Fee, and said it is for thee, Auld
Robin gray Jfinds is dead and Still your Heart is true then take me Jemmys Jour Arms and
I will be so true to thee John shall join no at the Rink and

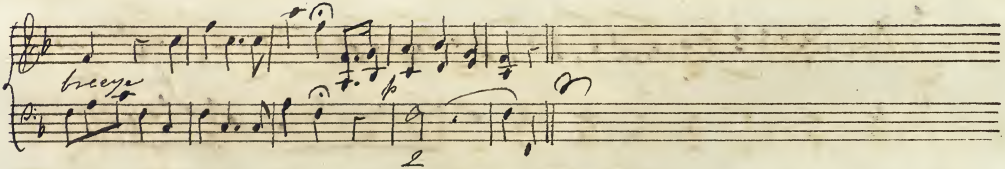
Adagio



The Maid of the Rock




Surges wantonly play, when the Owl had Stole out from her
Secret home and bright vested Hesperus clos'd in the Day:
The The Moon was at full and with dignity rose
and Tipp'd with Silver the green Mantled Seas; The god of the
Ocean was gone to re-pose, and e-o-lus fann'd with a whispering

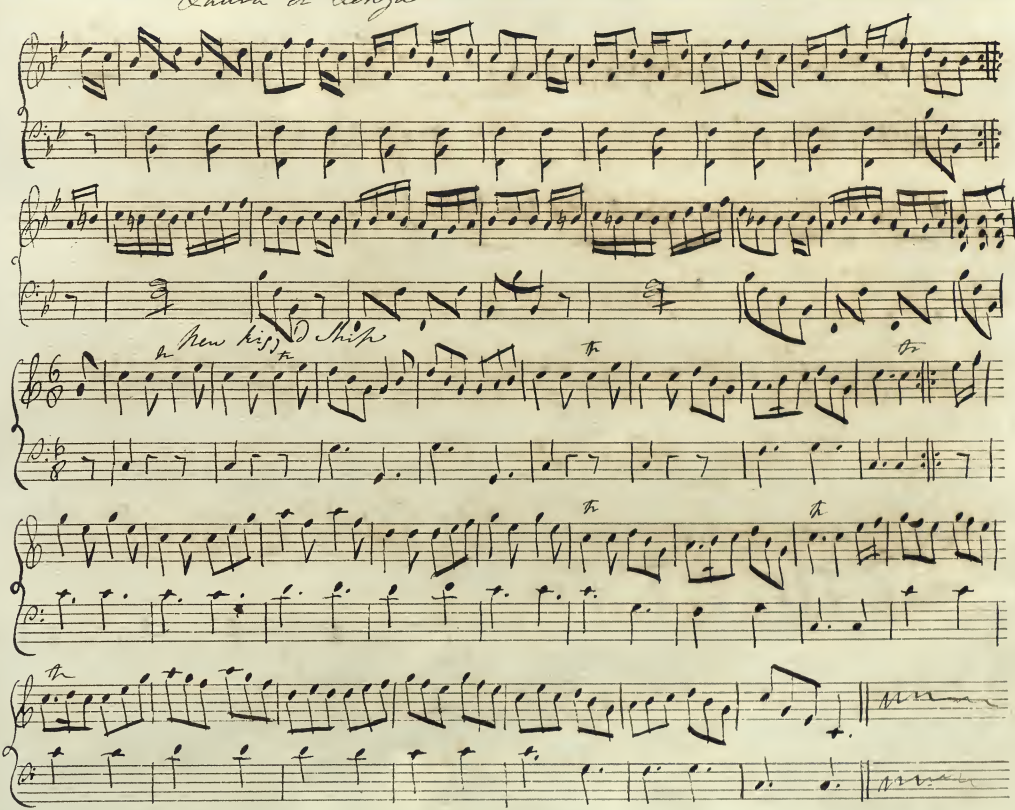


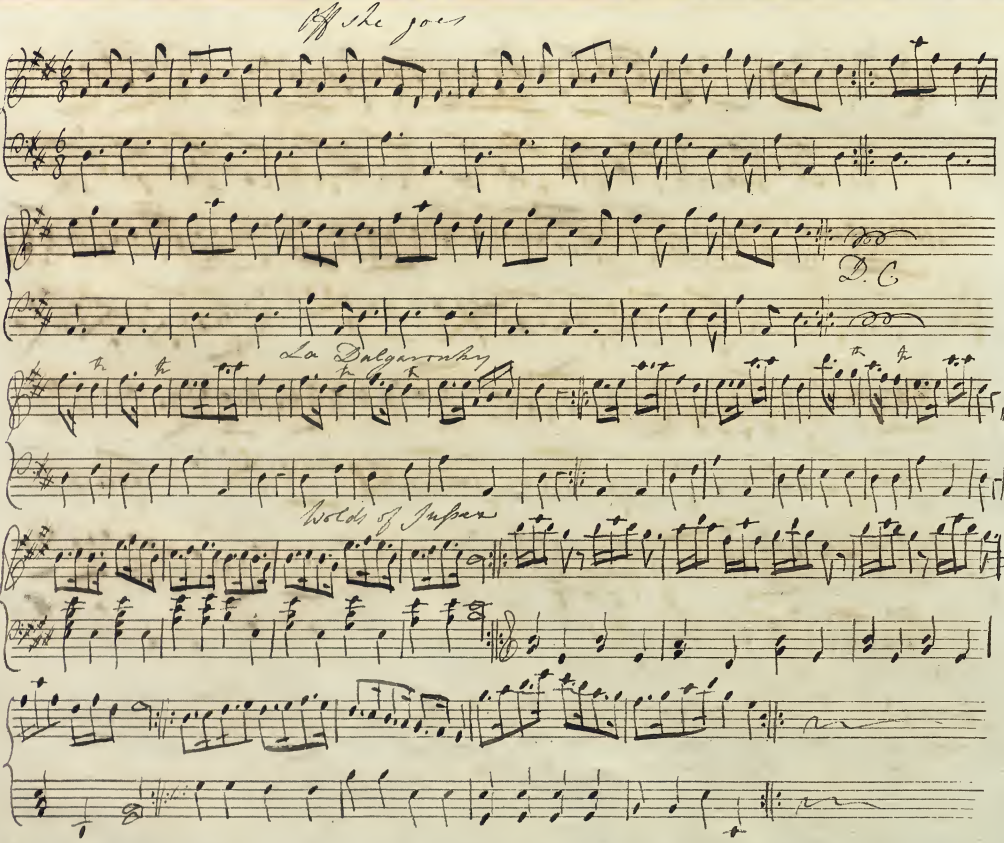
2

On reaching the Cave where old Legends report,
And many a horrible tale has been sung;
Where blood hunting Robbers had oft held their court,
On each side was some vestiges of Chivalry hung
My eyes were alarm'd at the sight of a Maid,
Who near to the Cavern sat silent in grief;
Her Head on her Hand all in sorrow was laid,
A hard rocky Pillow was all her relief.

3

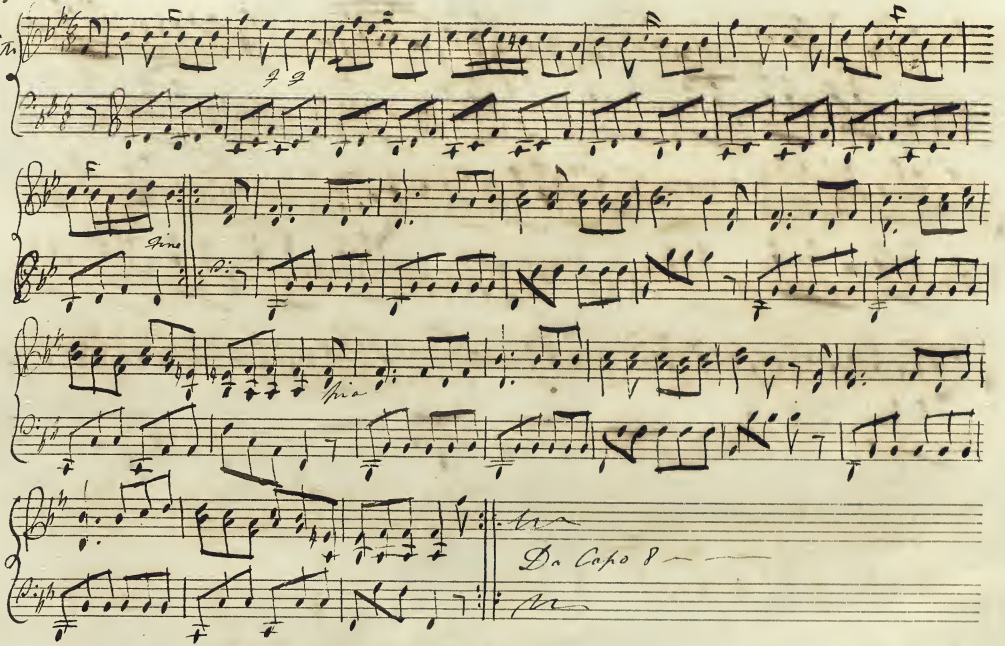
She started with fear and she fain would have fled
I press'd her to stay and her sorrows relate;
Then told her from me she had Nothing to dread
That I was brought there by the Order of fate
For came by the Order of one she replyd
Who has done all she can to distract my poor Mind
Overwhelm'd in the deep. My dear William My Pride
Then sank and she gave her last breath to the Wind.


Laura et Lenja
New kiss
Ship

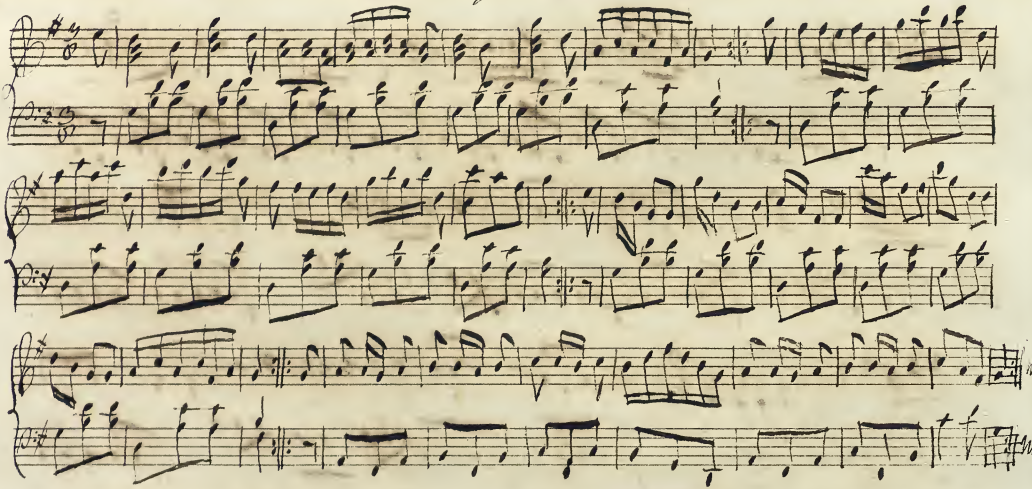

If she goes
D. C
La Dalgarrahy
Wolds of Jupsea

Allegro
for
Spirits

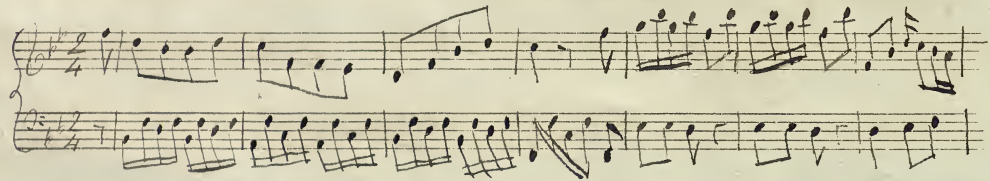
The favorite Pas general in Laurette

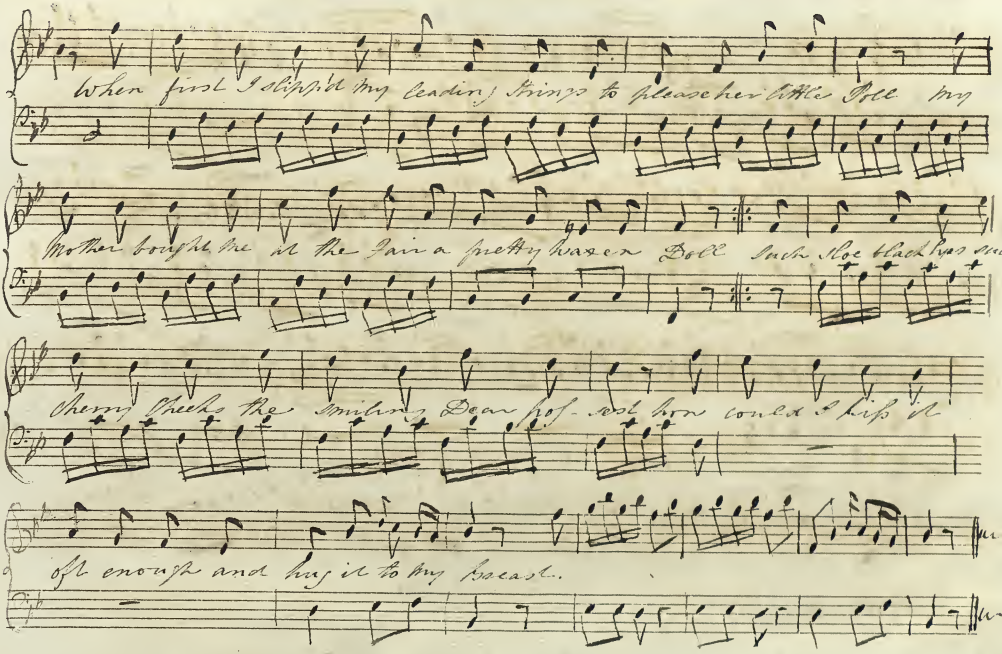


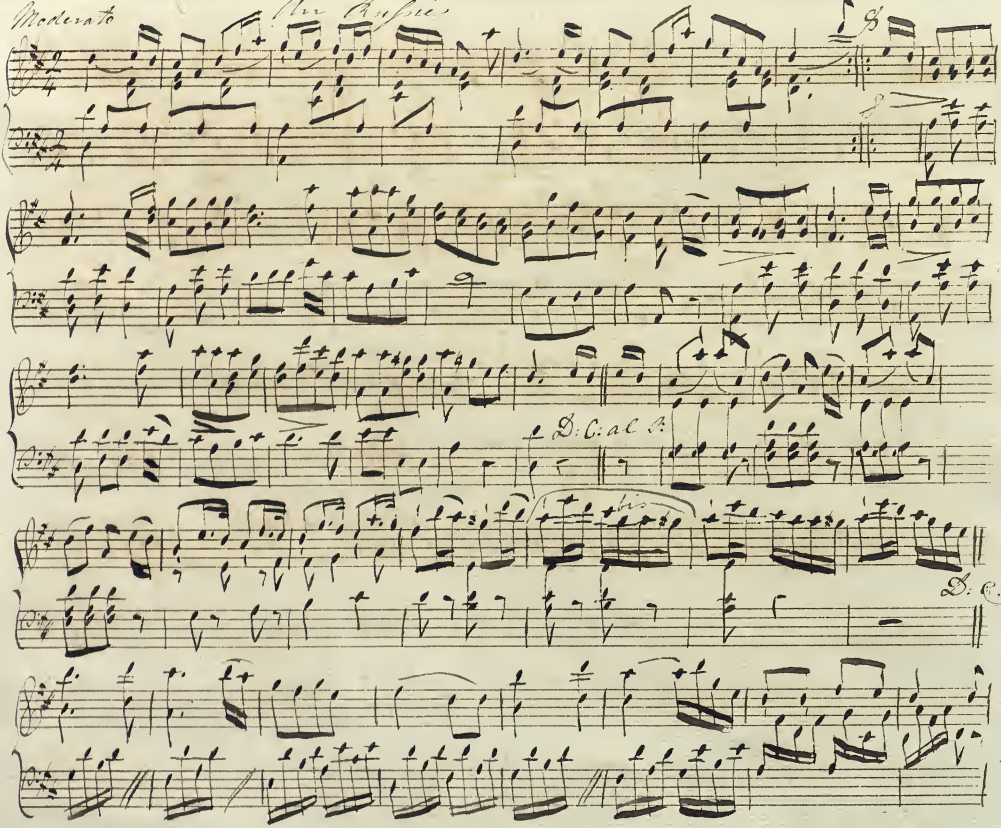
Miss R. Stuntons of Blackmell Wall

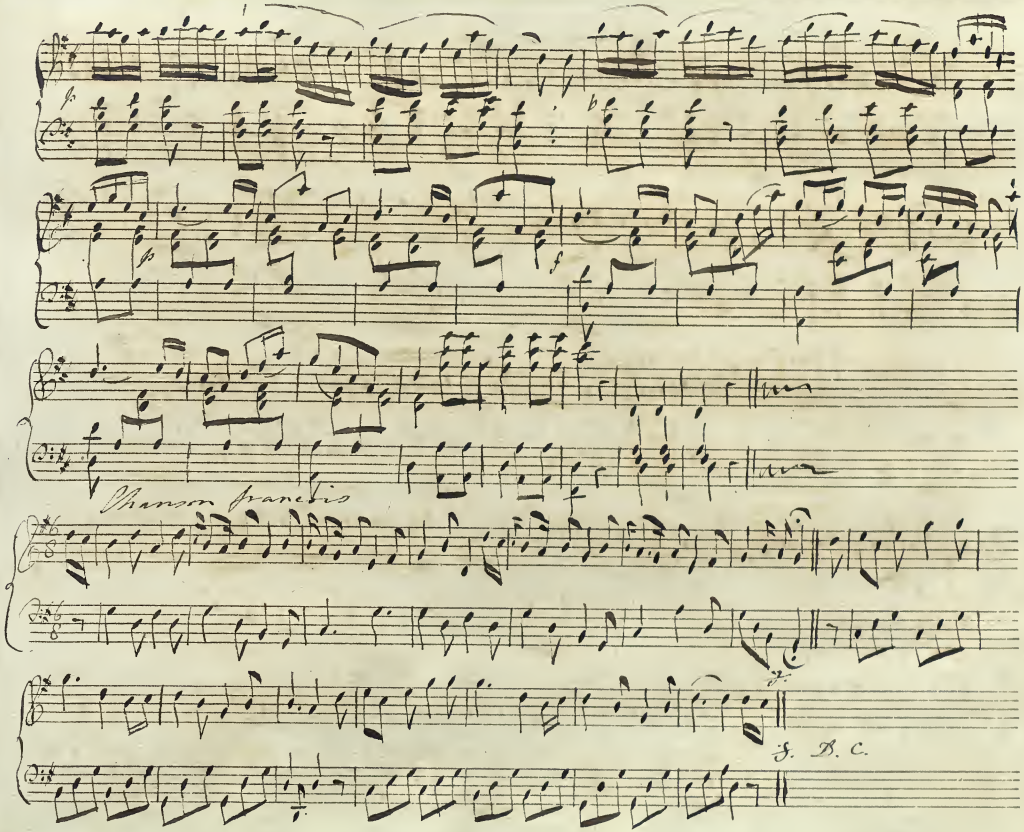


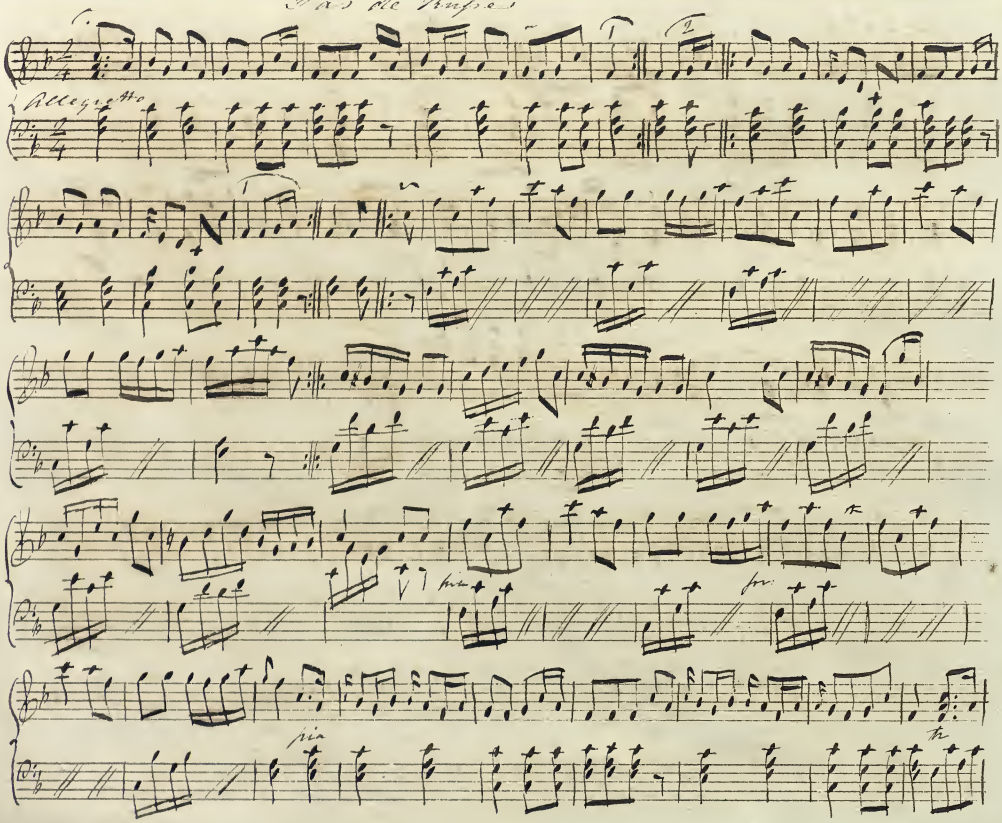
Song

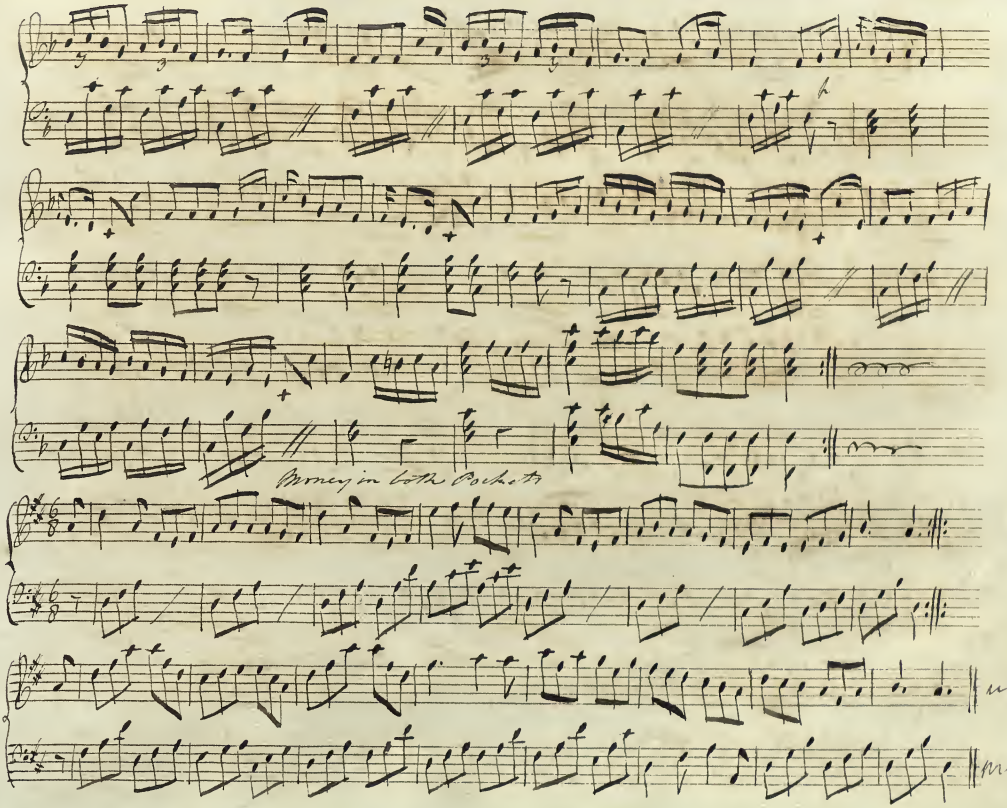



When first I slipp'd my leading strings to please her little Pet my
Mother bought me at the Fair a pretty waxen Doll such Roe black eyes such
cherry cheeks the smiling Dear-est ever known I kiss'd it
oft enough and hug it to my breast.
I
No sooner could I prattle a forward Miss was
Then how I sigh'd and long'd to hear my Dolly prattle too,
I curl'd her Hair in Ringlets Neat and dress'd her very gay
But yet the Silly Thing not a Syllable would say.


Moderato
Air Russien
D. C. al ℔
D. C.

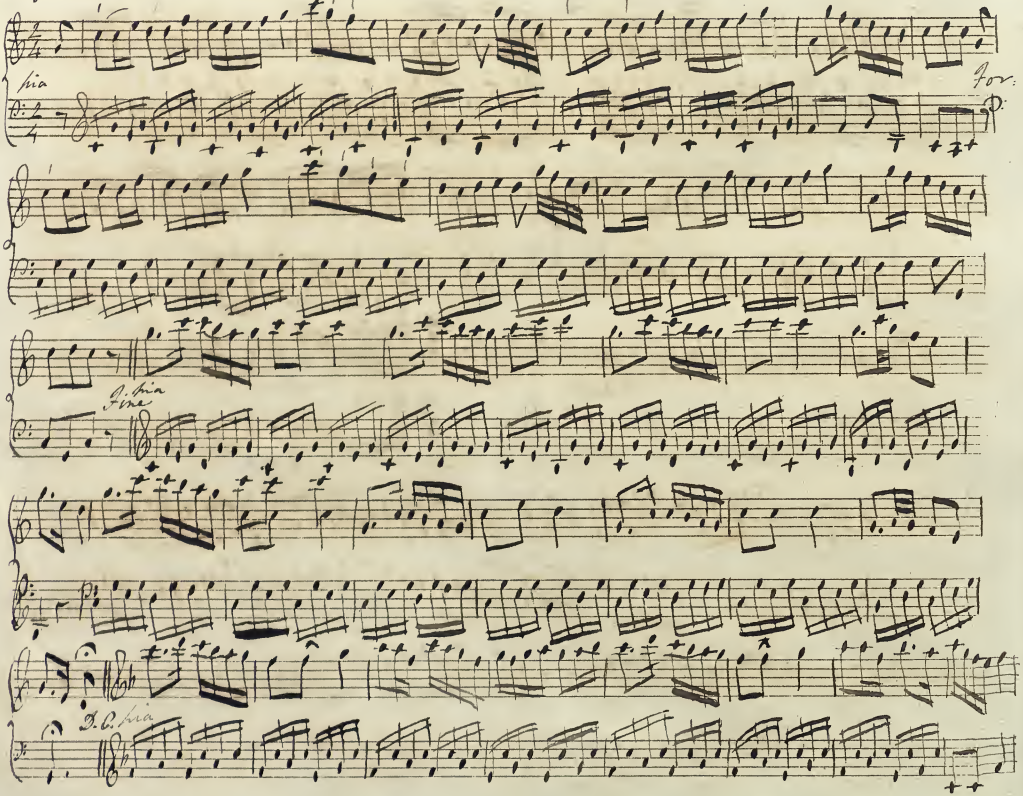

Chanson francois
J. B. C.

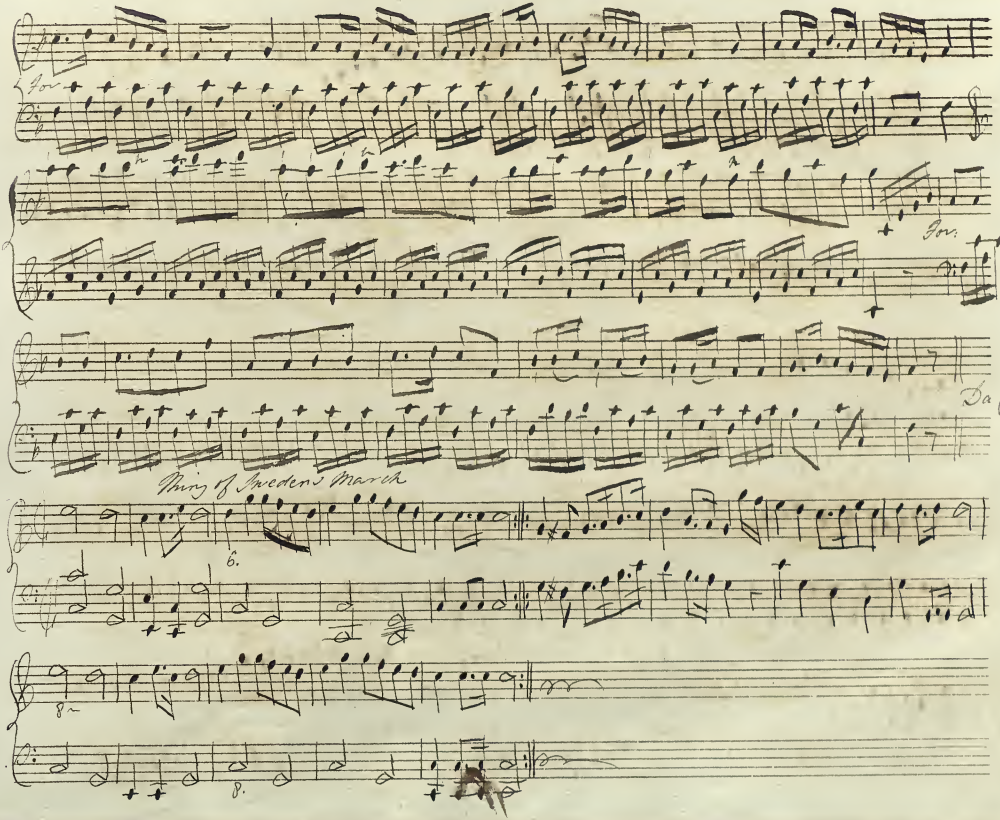

Pas de Russes
Allegretto
I
II
fin
fin
fin

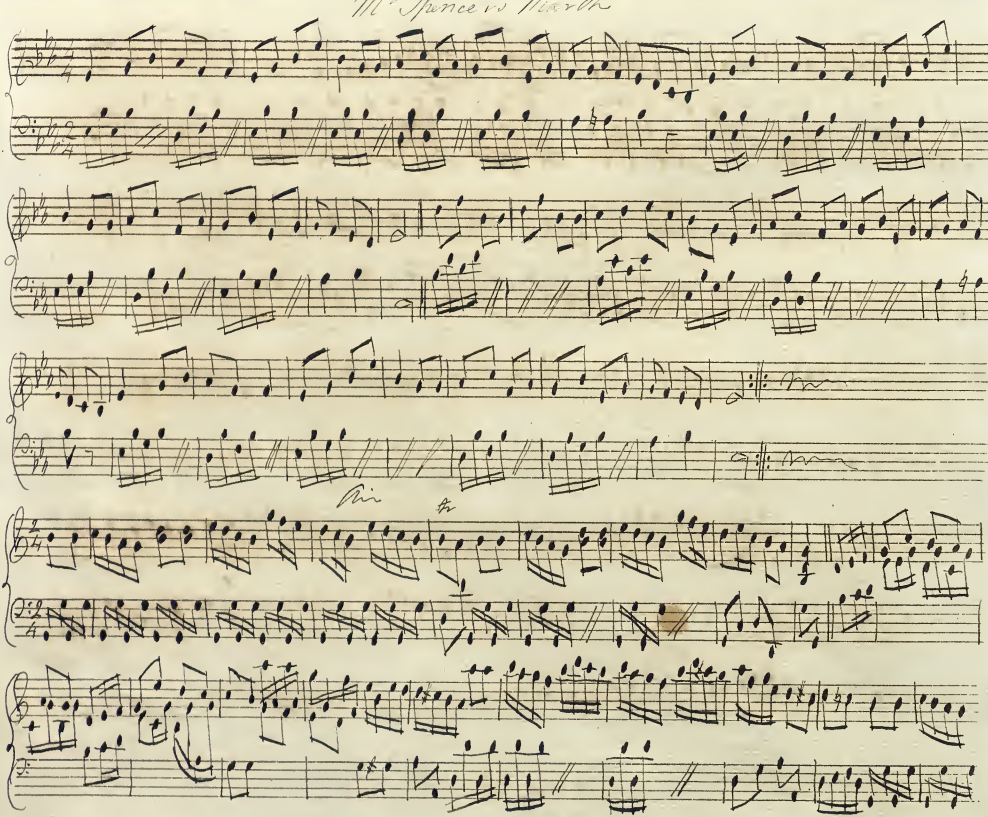

Bassey in both Orchestra

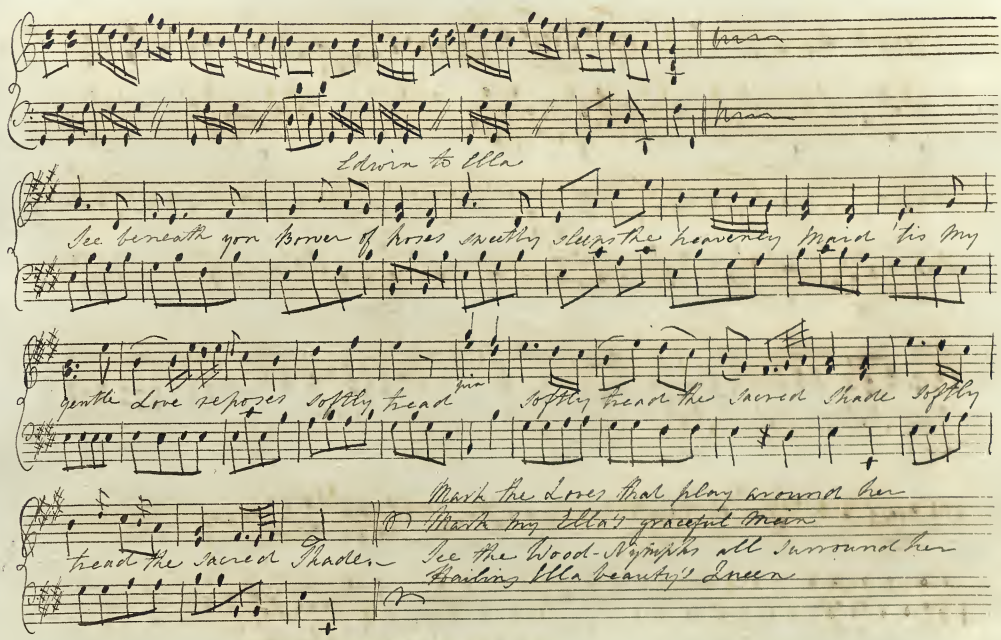
1st Allegro

Quick March a la Militaire

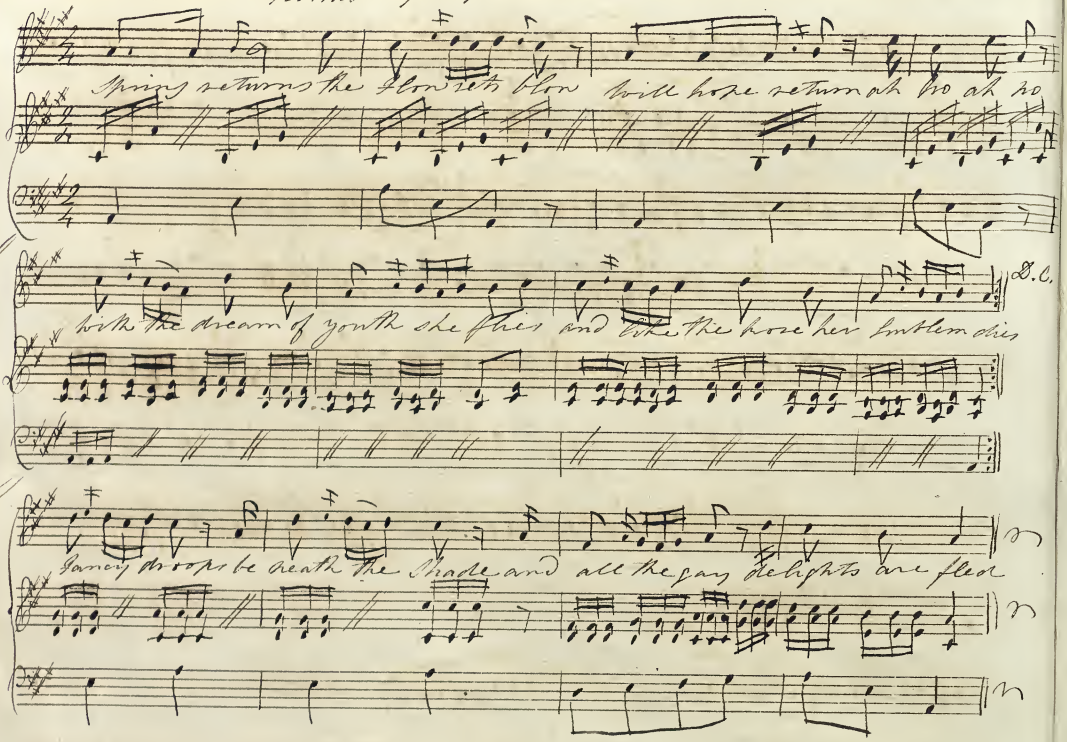



For.
For.
Da Capo
Wing of Swedens March
6.
8
8.


Mr Spencers March
Air


Edwin to Ella
See beneath yon Bower of Roses sweetly sleeps the heavenly Maid 'tis my
gentle Love reposes softly tread
softly tread the sacred Shade softly
tread the sacred Shades
Mark the Loves that play around her
Hark my Ella's graceful Moan
See the Wood-Nymphs all surround her
Hailing Ella beauty's Queen
Fluttering Cupids round descending
Soft expand their silken Wings
From the Zephyr's Breath defending
Every Rose that round her springs
Sportive Fancy hear my prayer
Gently pass thy airy throne
Whisper to the sleeping Fair
Edwin lives for her alone

Rondo by Miss Hunter



The Duke of Clarence's Jones

Da. Capo

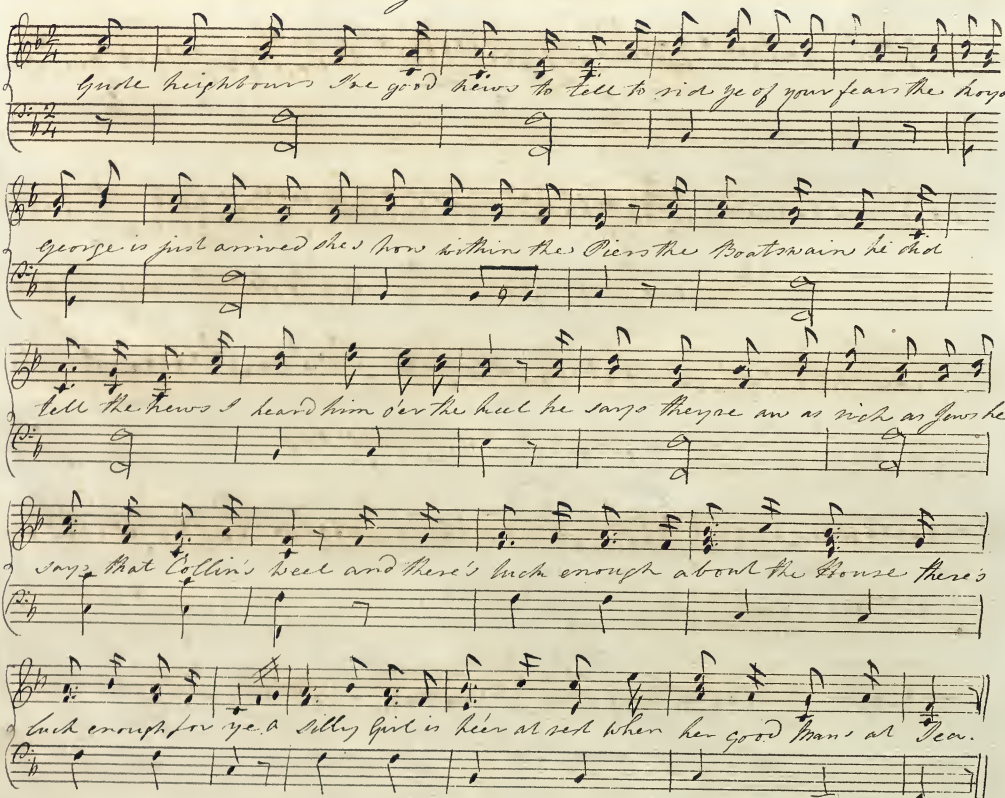
Cymbelum

Lord Macdonald's Reel

1st time

2d time

Song



See the last Leaf for the Air

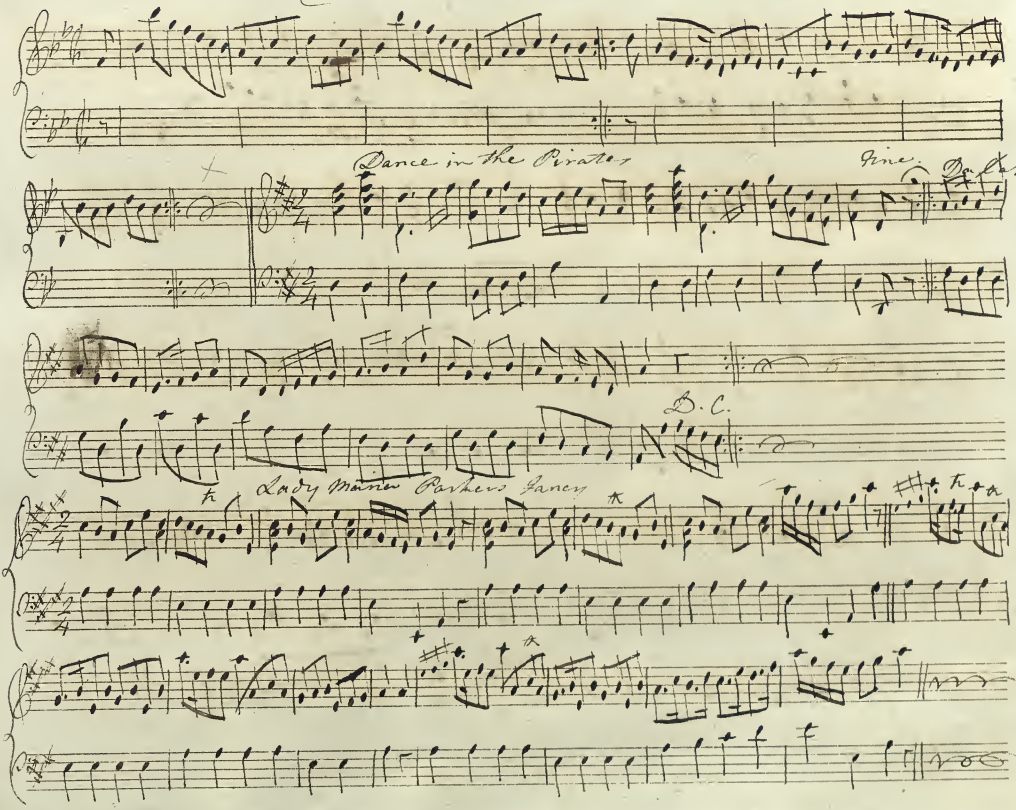
Cumberland Reel

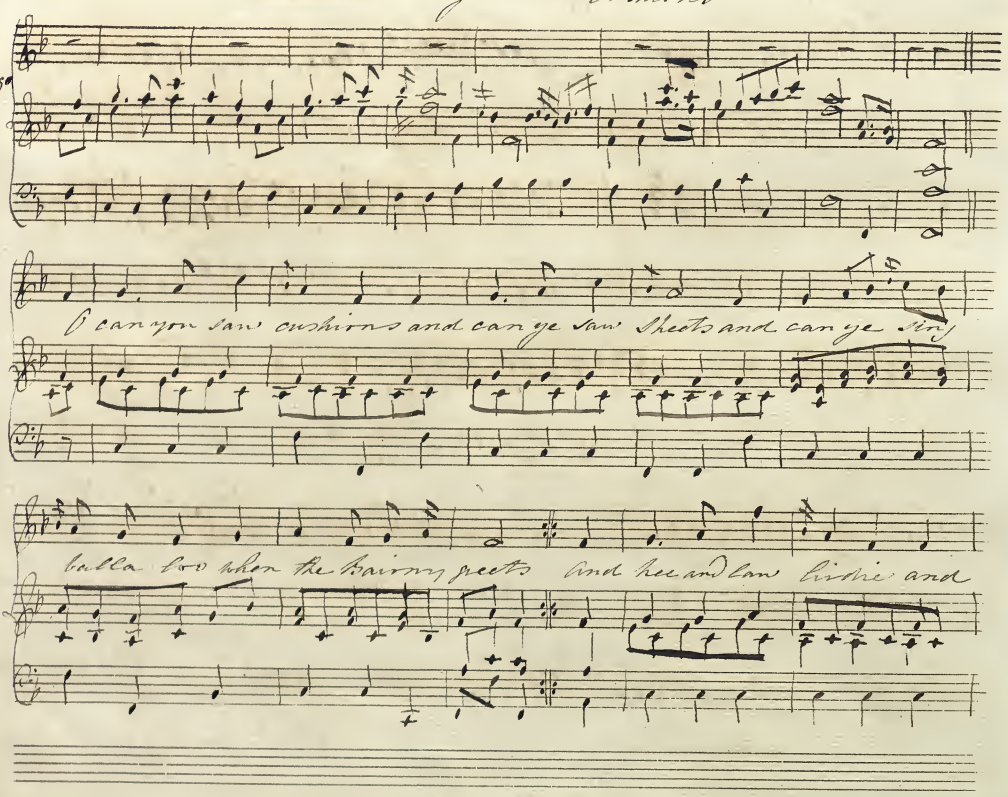
Dance in the Pirates

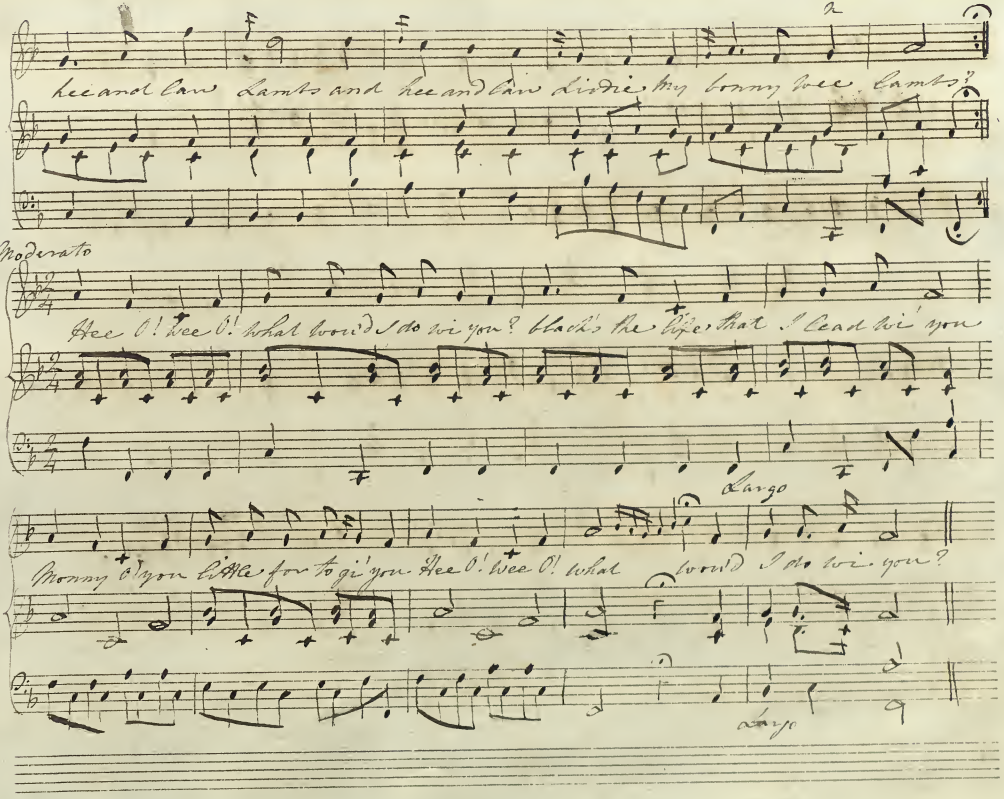
Fine. Da Capo

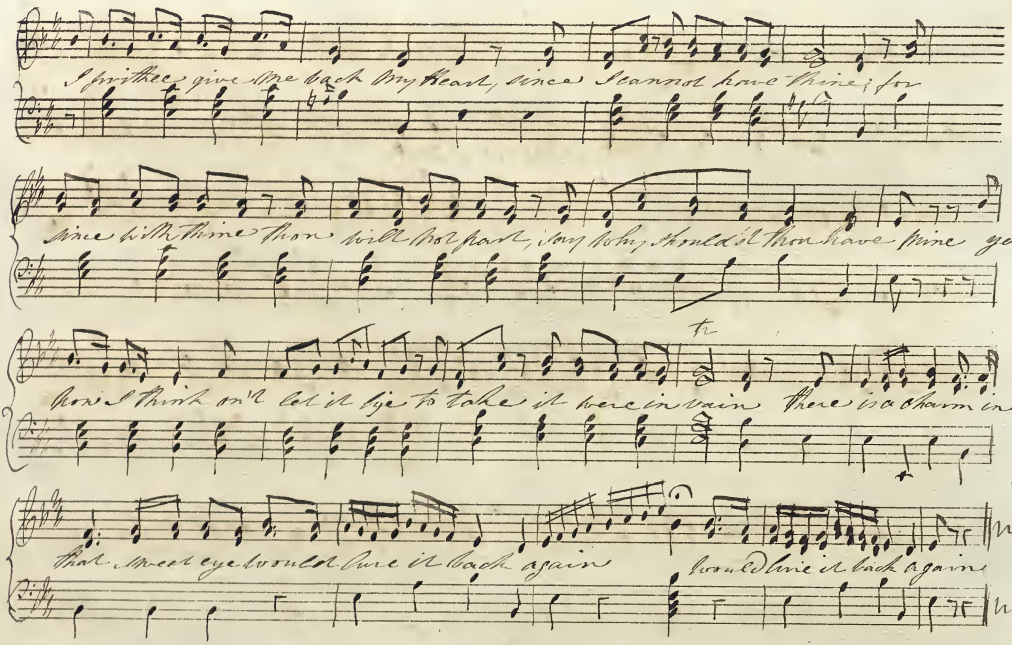
D.C.

Lady Mainer Parkers Fancy




O can you sew cushions!
largo
O can you sew cushions and can ye sew sheets and can ye sing
bella boo when the Bairns greets and hee and baw birdie and

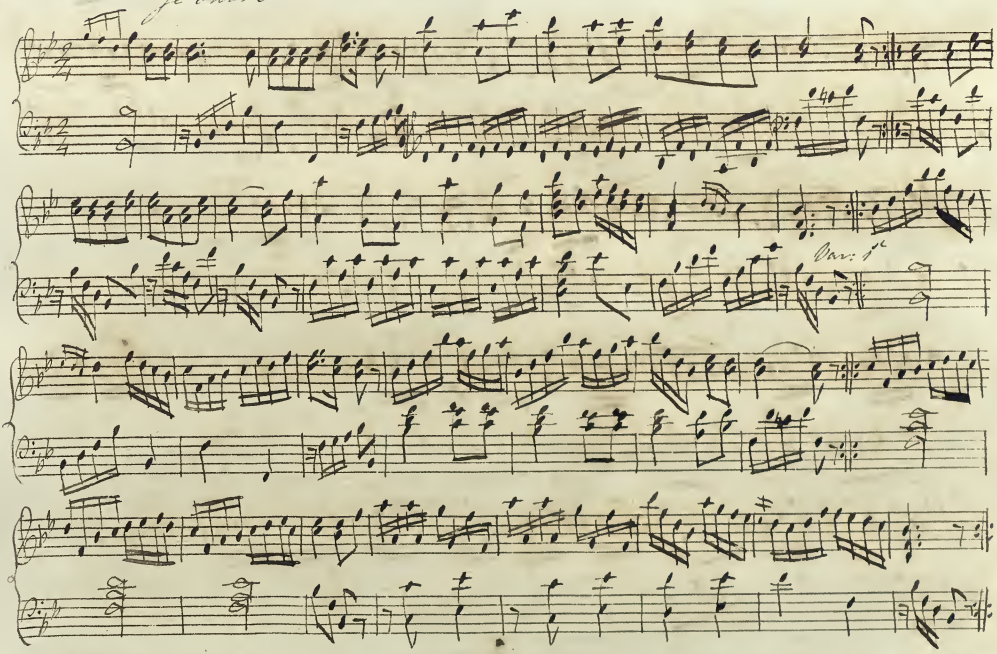

hee and haw Lambs and hee and haw Lindie my bonny wee Lambs?
Moderato
Hee O! hee O! what lovid I do wi you? black's the Eye that I cead wi' you
Largo
Mommy O' you little fon to gi' you Hee O! hee O! what lovid I do wi you?
Largo



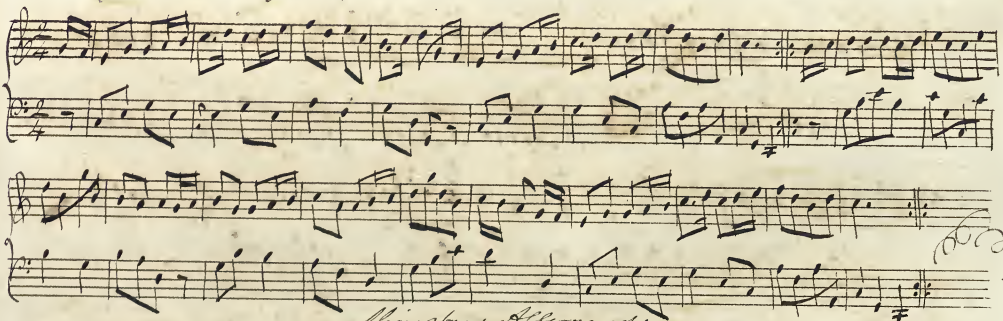
Why should two Hearts in one breast lye
Yet not agree together
Love where's your Sympathy
That these two Hearts can sever

But love is such a Mistery
I cannot make it out
For when I think I'm best resolved
I find I'm most in doubt

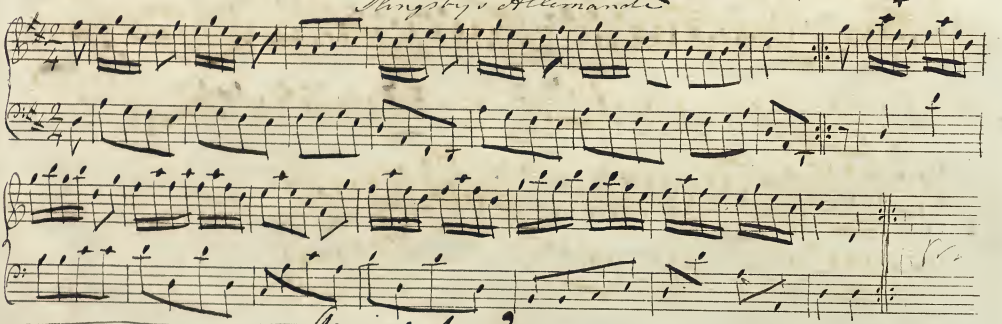
Je suis Lindor



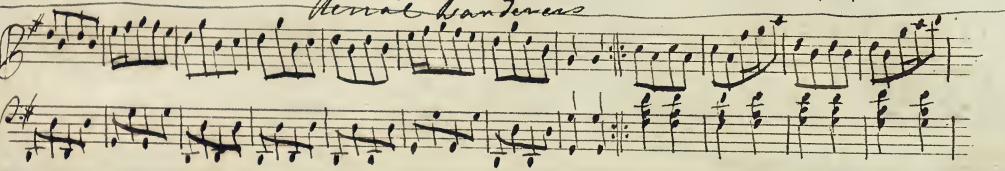
Roger Lasoie.



Mongsty's Allemande

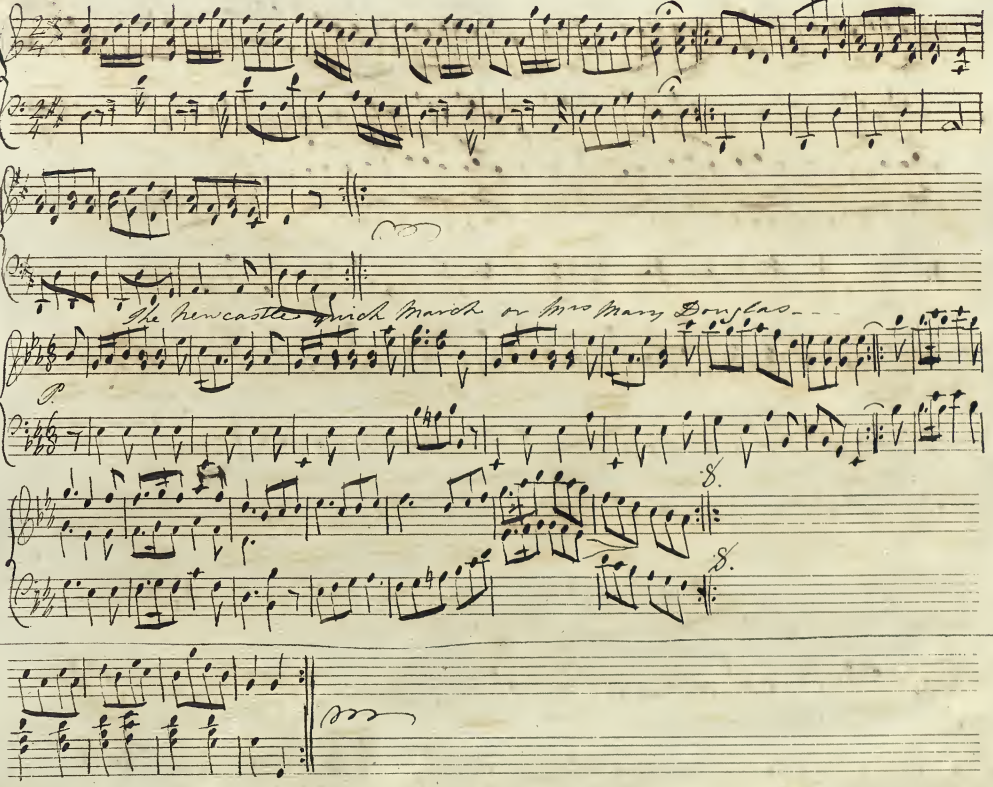


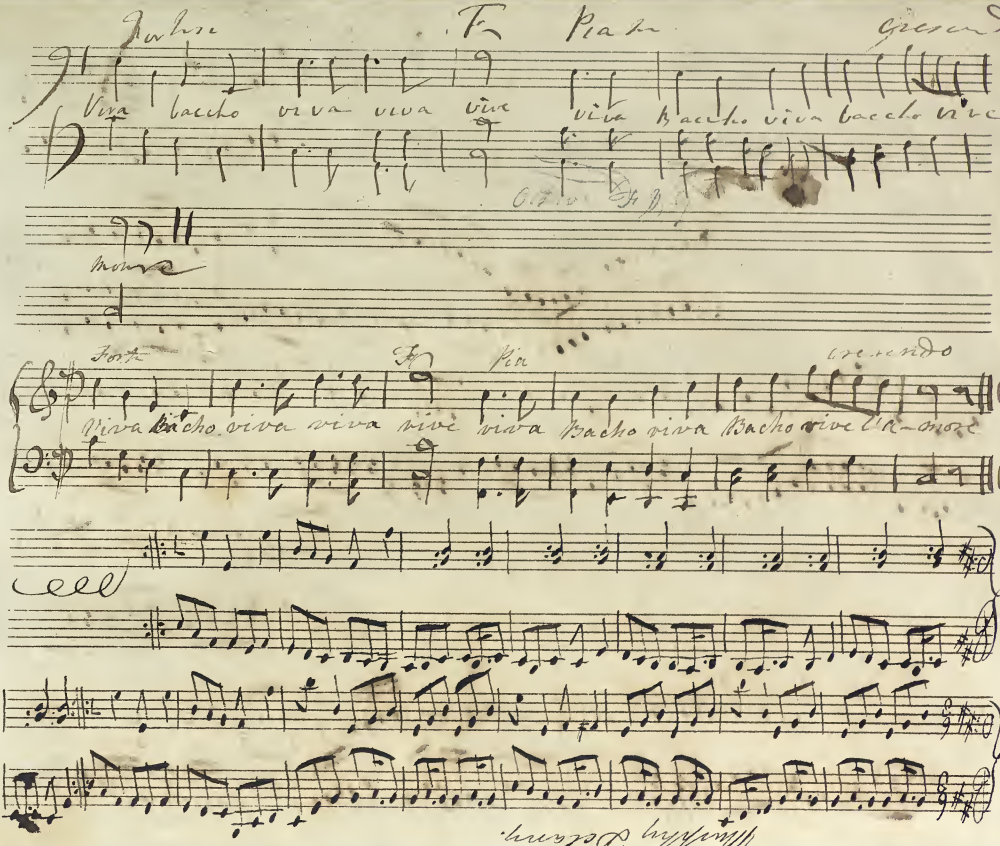
Bernard Vandeveer



Le tout ensemble

The Newcastle Quick March or Mrs Mary Douglas




Viva bacho viva viva vive
viva Bacho viva bacho vive la
Viva bacho viva viva vive
viva Bacho viva Bacho vive l'a-more

2

And are ye sure the News is true
And is my Collin weel
Is this a time to think on work
Make haste lay by the Wheel
Is this a time to think on work
When Collins at the Door
Gae me my Cloak I'll to the Quay
And see him safe ashore.
For there's no luck about the House
There's no luck awa.
There's little Pleasure in the House
When my gude Mans awa.—

3

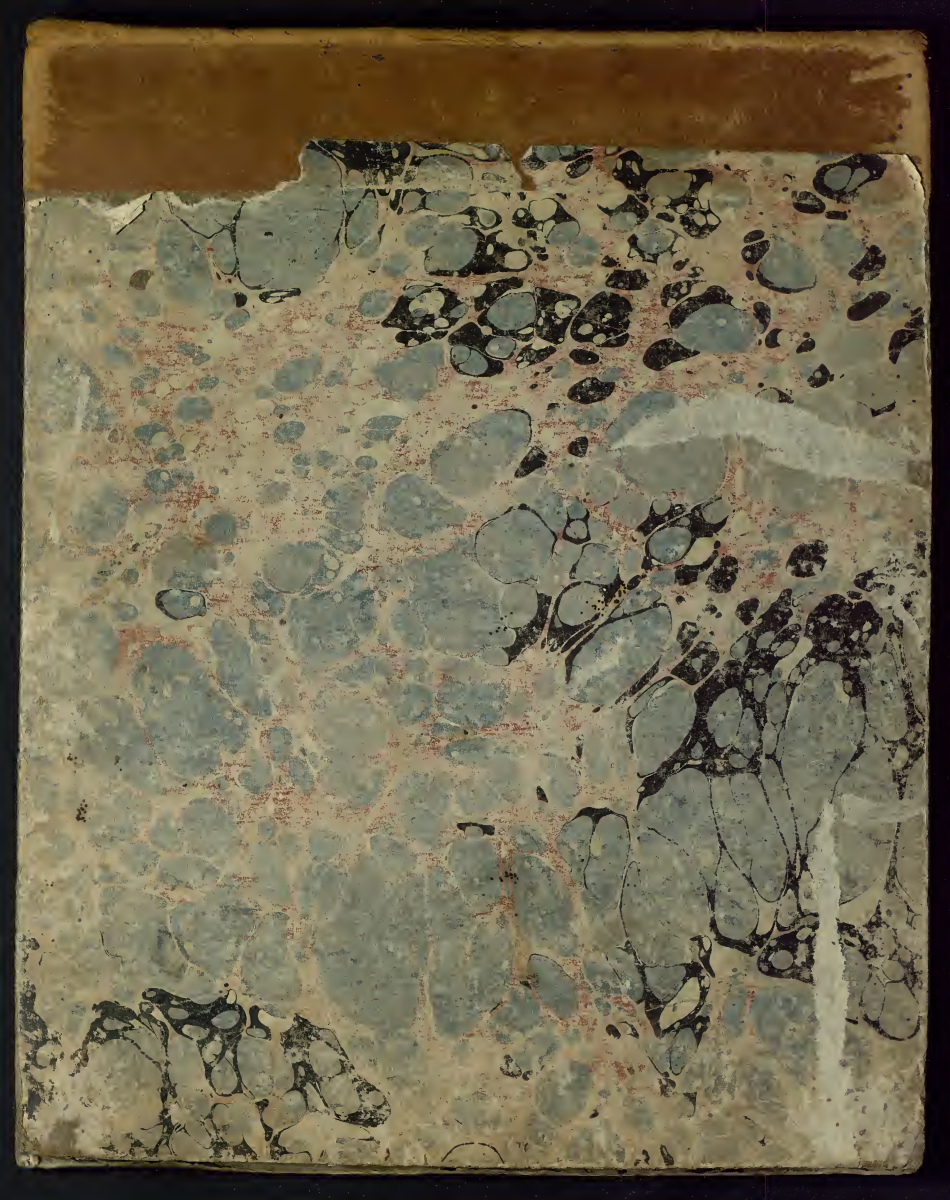
Make haste to make a clean fire side
Put on the muckle Pot
Gi' little Kate her cotton Gown
And Jock his Sunday Coat
And make their Shoes as black as sloes
Their Hose as white as snaw
I'll ow to please my ain gude Man
For he's been long awa.— &c: &c:

4

There are two Hens into the Crib
Hae fed this Month and main
Gar them make haste and thraw their Necks about
That Collin weel may fare
And spread the Table neat and clean
Gar ilka thing look bra
I'll ow to please my ain gude Man
For he's been long awa— &c: &c:

5

Oh gi' me down my big Bonnet
My Bishops satin Gown
For I maun tell the Bailies wife
That Collins come to Town
My Sunday Shoon they maun go on
My Hose are blue
I'll ow to please my ain gude Man
For he's baith leal and true— &c: &c:

6

The Sun's his Sword his Mouth his Speech
His Breath like caller air
His very foot has Music in't
When he comes up the Stair
And will I see his face again
And will I hear him speak
I'm downright dizzy with the thought
In troth I'm like to greet
For there's na luck— &c: &c: